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SOME HISTORIC CITIES OF BRITAIN

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ONE OF A SERIES OF DECORATIVE PLANS SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR THE DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY LIMITED

Volume CXCV No. 2545 The SPHERE London, November 13, 1948

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

PRESIDENT TRUMAN AND VICE-PRESIDENT BARKLEY—THE DEMOCRATS WHO FOUGHT A LONE CAMPAIGN IN THE FACE OF PARTY APATHY TO DEFEAT GOVERNORS DEWEY AND WARREN, THE REPUBLICAN FAVOURITES IN THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION: Mr. Truman returns to the White House with a favourable Congress and with his own authority vastly strengthened. Mr. Alben Barkley, now a veteran, is the former Democratic Floor Leader of New Deal days

THE campaigns of Hayes and Tilden, Grover Cleveland and Blaine in the last century, and Wilson and Hughes during the First World War were called to mind by the close contest in this year's American Presidential Election, but never before in history has a President, barely acknowledged by his own party leaders, made a lone fight which so appealed to the imagination of the electorate that they flocked to the polls in sympathetic support and secured his election. That is the record of President Harry Truman, who in his 350 campaign speeches went the length and breadth of the land, making the basis of his attack the bad record of the Republican Eightieth Congress and the evils of the Taft-Hartley Act which the Republicans "pressed down upon the brow of labour." Mr. Truman's running mate, Mr. Alben Barkley, was no less staunch and while hosts of Democrats were arranging to sell their Washington homes, guessing that their days of power were done, this veteran stumped the country with a few aides and a despatch case brimming with the notes of speeches. (See also pages 206-7)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

The Nation Remembers.—

In towns and villages, cathedrals and little lost Down churches, the nation remembered the dead of two world wars last Sunday, November 7. The bulk of the congregation in the church I attended probably had a clear recollection of all the men whose names are recorded on their village memorial, in the old faded lettering and in the newly graven. Forever young in memory, "they grow not old as we who are left grow old." My own generation, contemporarily young with the dead of the First World War, is going out with the tide; two world wars in our prime have hastened the normal process of decay. Indeed, we have had a pretty rough time since our young companions died on the battlefield; and as we passed into the church, self-consciously wearing our medals (and wondering if we should be accused of showing-off), we had the appearance of stragglers from a forgotten age and survivors of old, far-off, forgotten things and battles long ago. The historians are saying that neither of these wars was necessary. A little vision, a little sense, a little courage, a little co-operation between nations, and both these horrors and tragedies could have been averted. A third and final tragedy, some think, is round the corner. I do not know. I only know that in the past three years, few of those simple virtues and little of that essential common sense which could have averted two world wars have been in evidence, at least until very recently. Perhaps we shall learn the lesson and avert World War III.

Truman — Stranger than Fiction.—

True, I write this note in the heat of the incredible news; but it will be an old, old story when it sees print. So I can only record a postscript and a rider to the verdict of those U.S. in their Presidential Election. *Postscript:* My belief in the value of Gallup polls—never very high—drops to zero. Men and women will say *anything*, according to the mood of the moment. But when they face the ballot-box with a scrap of paper, they positively go through the processes of thought. Whether the result spells wisdom, or no, I hazard no opinion. *Rider:* What a lesson for the Conservative (or Socialist) voter in 1950. The Conservative voter who declares, "I never meet anybody in street, bus or train nowadays who isn't agin' the present Government," may not go to the poll. Not worth while. The Socialist who is "quite satisfied with the trend of by-elections since 1945" may not trouble to vote. Why bother? Let them remember in 1950 the American elections of November 1948, and the misplaced confidence of the Republicans. On November 1, early in the morning, 10,000 Americans would have gladly laid 6 to 1 against Truman in hundreds. And thousands on thousands of Republicans didn't bother to vote. I am not sure there is not one more lesson to be learned and taken to heart, this time by wanton parliaments all over the democratic world. The voter knows and sees more than M.P.s suppose, and if they observe party tactics shouldering out the nation's needs in Parliament, they register their disapproval of the worst offenders as soon as the opportunity comes round.

The Steel Bill.—

There are two sides to every question and I have never seen Socialism as a bull views a red rag. There is much in Socialism in practice and in power which I deplore, not least the petty, party class-hatred disseminated by those Ministers with scurrilous, unruly tongues. As regards nationalisation, I have always regarded it as a question to be applied with infinite care and examination to an individual industry, not as an all-embracing doctrine. And for that reason, I have tried to examine the Steel Nationalisation Bill to find some vestige of excuse for its introduction at this juncture. And (in common with many who are open supporters of this Government) I can find none. Nothing that Mr. Attlee's Government has done since 1945 has shocked me more and disgusted me more. For I see in this measure, thrust on the attention of Parliament in times as grave and urgent as any in our history, proofs of all the worst faults of government. Partisanship, narrowness of view, ruthless and reckless squandering of time needed for priority matters of public safety; above all, moral cowardice and lack of the essentials of leadership, in thus truckling to a clamant minority among its supporters. To get this very doubtful and controversial measure on to the Statute Book before the General Election, Mr. Attlee has been driven to sacrifice all chance of national unity when it is most needed, to lay violent hands on our Constitution and to discourage and confuse our most prosperous industry. I believe that his and his Government's reputations will suffer severely for this political stratagem and that the black mark will not quickly fade.

INTRODUCED AS "THE AUTHENTIC VOICE OF ENGLAND"—MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL PAYS A VISIT TO HIS OLD SCHOOL, HARROW, RECEIVING A GREAT WELCOME FROM "THE HILL": This picture was taken as the wartime Premier left the Speech Room after attending the concert at which he heard the school songs, and himself called upon the audience to sing "Rule, Britannia," a song which he declared was not incompatible with "the great European world union to which we look with confidence." Walking behind Mr. Churchill is the headmaster of Harrow, Mr. R. W. Moore, who referred to the distinguished visitor as "the authentic voice of England"

Inland Revenue Review.—

The news that a committee is to be set up to review the organisation and arrangements for transacting business of the department is good news. But alas, it is not the sort of committee which has been needed for thirty years. It is a departmental committee concerned apparently entirely with internal organisation. It has no purview of the mysteries, redundancy and obscurities by which, with endless forms, taxes are squeezed from a puzzled and ill-tempered public. That review and reform are still in the blue. To me (and to others) who remember that the Roman Empire collapsed largely because of its obscurantist and complicated methods of taxation, it is an inexplicable mystery that no Chancellor in peacetime has ever appreciated the evil of the system under which we are taxed, complicated by years of legislation, beyond the average man's understanding, redundant and often, on the face, barefacedly inequitable. Nothing I can think of (to a greater extent than this failure of scores of Chancellors to simplify taxation, central and local) has given me a lower opinion of British statesmanship. It must be accepted as a cardinal rule in government that the citizens who provide the State's only income should know what they are called on to pay, and why, and from what sources, and should be enabled to pay their contributions in as simple a manner as possible, with instructions brief and easily comprehended, and if possible in a single payment. Nor will I believe that it is beyond the wit of Englishmen to-day to devise such a system, even to the extent of combining central and local taxation demands in a bloc payment for almost every individual.

Strachey's Cornucopia.—

The Food Minister has opened his box of tricks a little and let one or two trifles escape. More fat, more sweets, more sugar—the good times rushing back before the elections. The country housewife will probably see a flaw and complain that jam is expensive to buy and better and cheaper if made at home. But nothing in the meat line escapes from the box. We are most of us—save those who eat hotel meals—vegetarians nowadays perforce. For no one can do more than toy with his token of Danish cow or unhung home-grown. The world decided to rob the turnspit to fill the churn, and for a decade to come meat will be in short supply. The odd thing is that a diet of milk in lieu of red flesh has not apparently gentled our natures. The nations are more irritable and aggressive than ever they were in the days when hecatombs of beef went down their throats every day. I was always given to understand that it was beef and beer which made us so fiercely aggressive and enabled us to thrash Boney. But no. Milk is the stuff to make a man fall on his neighbour and bash his head. Anyway, I shall have no more excuse for inviting the generosity of the Dominions, whose food parcels have given me so much pleasure and comfort in the leanest years.

The Good Times Ahead.—

Are we justified in looking forward to better times at least until 1950? The tail-twisters of the Government invite us to do so. "You 'll see [they say] between now and the election Mr. Attlee will release from his box of repressive tricks all kinds of sweets and relaxations for the voter. More sweets, more fat, a hundred restrictions on trade and enterprise swept away here, a hundred there. Before 1950, you may look forward to a leg of mutton from the butcher, a ham or two, and every sort of forgotten tit-bit." If it be so, Mr. Attlee's Ministers must be careful of their timing. It is dangerous to act prematurely; it is wise to remember how devilish short (to the point of ingratitude) is public memory. We can forget the authors of victory or the saviours of our State in a matter of weeks, and we are capable of accepting as a matter of course in a matter of hours a right or privilege restored to us. Mr. Attlee's men must have a very big list of bonuses and relaxations to restore to us if their eyes are fixed on 1950, and the good times are already beginning. Will the sweets last out if as generously proportioned as these first recent releases? We certainly shan't enjoy cancellations. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum.* Presumably, then, we may sit pretty until we come to the ballot box, and may cynically look all our gift-horses in the mouth.

"My Little Socialist Soul."—

I get a few anonymous letters and I dote on them, before consigning them to the W.P.B. One received to-day gave me special pleasure. It arose out of a reference I made to a series of burglaries recently announced in the Press of jewellery of considerable value from the bedrooms of "countesses," and I suggested that some of the victims were so criminally careless of their valuables as to deserve to be charged as accessories before the fact. My anonymous correspondent (perhaps one of the outraged "countesses"?) enclosed a cutting announcing the burglary of valuable jewels and furs from a "plain Mr." with a Jewish name and wrote: "Why not say Jew after Jew? It would be more in keeping with the facts. But *your little socialistic soul* no doubt panders to these people." "Little" is perhaps the *mot juste*, but socialistic? I wonder if Mr. Bevan will be anxious to acknowledge me in his fold? And is left-wing Socialism so great an ally of the rich Jew? How complicated are modern politics! I have never thought of myself as a left-wing Socialist.

THE OLD STAGER

THE TRUMPETERS MARKED THE CLOSE OF THE TWO MINUTES SILENCE—THE SCENE IN WHITEHALL ON REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY, WHEN THE KING, REPRESENTATIVES OF THE FORCES AND A HOST OF HIS PEOPLE GATHERED ROUND THE CENOTAPH TO REMEMBER THE DEAD OF TWO WORLD WARS : It had rained throughout much of the night and during the morning, and the gathering in Whitehall was a sombre one. The northern end of Whitehall, which in former years had been filled with people, was empty, but the pavements near the Cenotaph were well filled. The first wreath was laid by the King, and he was followed by other members of the Royal family, then by Mr. Attlee, the Prime Minister, and Mr. Churchill, the wartime Prime Minister

REMEMBRANCE SUNDAY AT THE CENOTAPH

The King and His People Remember the Dead of Two Wars

Although continuous rain kept the crowd in Whitehall as small as it has ever been since this corporate act of remembrance was first instituted, the occasion followed the pattern of former years. The decorations of sailors, soldiers and airmen were hidden by their greatcoats, and the mackintosh-clad crowd added no colour to the sombre scene. A gun fired on Horse Guards Parade at 11 o'clock signalled the silence, a second gun ended it, and as the great assembly stirred, trumpeters of the Royal Air Force, drawn up before the Cenotaph, sounded the Last Post

PRINCESS MARGARET AT THE GARDEN OF REMEMBRANCE : Her Royal Highness placing a cross on the grass space within the precincts of Westminster Abbey. At a service in the Abbey before this, the Princess unveiled a memorial to all residents of Westminster who lost their lives in the Second World War. Queen Elizabeth was to have performed the ceremony but was confined to the Palace with a severe cold

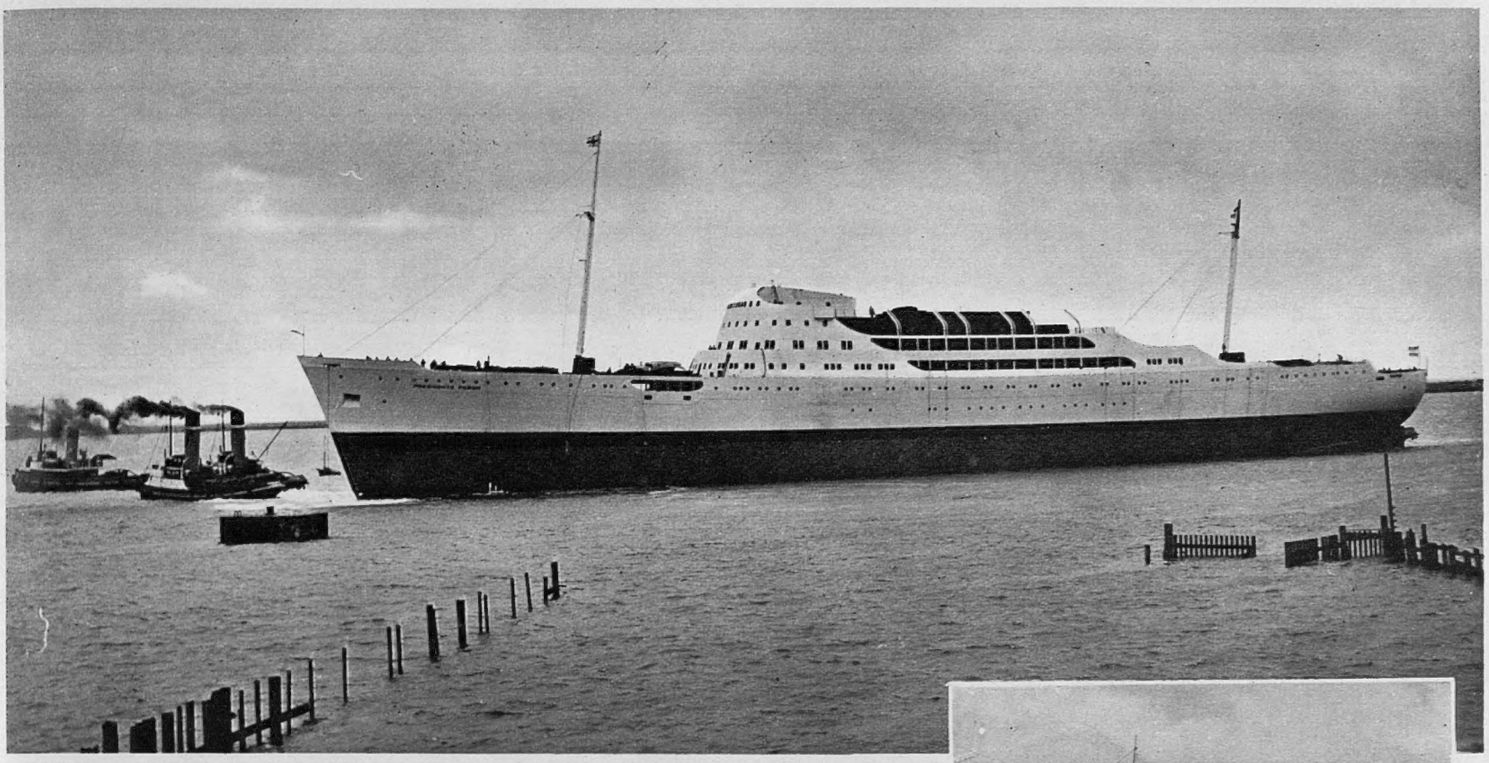
AFTER LAYING HIS WREATH UPON THE CENOTAPH : The King, at the salute, with the Duke of Gloucester (in khaki) and the Duke of Edinburgh in naval uniform a few paces behind him

TRAGEDY ON THE KINDER MOORS: The crew of thirteen, including three officers, were killed when their Superfortress crashed near Glossop, Derbyshire. The blazing aircraft, which came down on top of a peaty hill, was found by two N.C.O.s of a motorised R.A.F. Mountain Rescue Unit. The crew of the Superfortress had completed their training in Britain and were to have returned to the United States last week-end. The two N.C.O.s who found the wreckage chanced to be out on exercises, and picked up a message giving the position of the Superfortress. They found no one alive. The machine had buried its nose into the soft moss

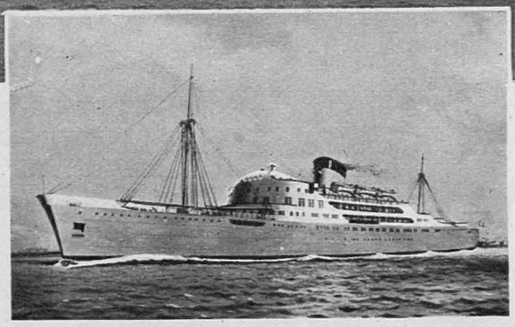
The SUPERFORTRESS DISASTER

H.M.S. "SHEFFIELD" IS HOME

THE "SHINY SHEFFIELD" RETURNS HOME AFTER A MEMORABLE CRUISE OF 60,000 MILES—THE 9,100-TON CRUISER OF THE SOUTHAMPTON CLASS AT CHATHAM ON THE COMPLETION OF HER COMMISSION: "Sheffield" has been flagship of the American and West Indies Squadron, and she has now been relieved by a sister-ship, H.M.S. "Glasgow." During her two and a half years abroad the "Sheffield" has cruised more than 60,000 miles; she has made a circuit of South America, and during her visit to ports in Canada, the U.S.A., the Caribbean and the South American Republics, she has been visited by 170,000 people. In March last year the cruiser arrived at Belize, British Honduras, when the sovereignty of the colony was threatened by Guatemalans. After her ammunition had been unloaded outside Chatham, it was arranged that the "Sheffield" would enter the Dockyard for an overhaul. The cruiser is sometimes called the "Shiny Sheffield" by reason of her Sheffield-made stainless steel rail, which always arouses much admiration among visitors. Between her two masts in this picture can be seen a portion of the paying-off pendant, which is 540 ft. long. When a ship has completed a full commission of two and a half years she flies a pendant equal to her entire length from bows to stern. The pendant is lowered on the day of paying off, usually at noon



A GRACEFUL NEWCOMER TO THE SOUTH ATLANTIC SERVICE: The 14,500-ton "Presidente Peron," the first of three passenger and cargo liners now under construction by Vickers-Armstrong for the Argentine Government, seen at Barrow-in-Furness after being launched by Madame Malerba, wife of Admiral Luis Malerba, chief of the Argentine Naval Commission. The liner is expected to inaugurate an express service between London and Buenos Aires in May next, the passage to take sixteen days

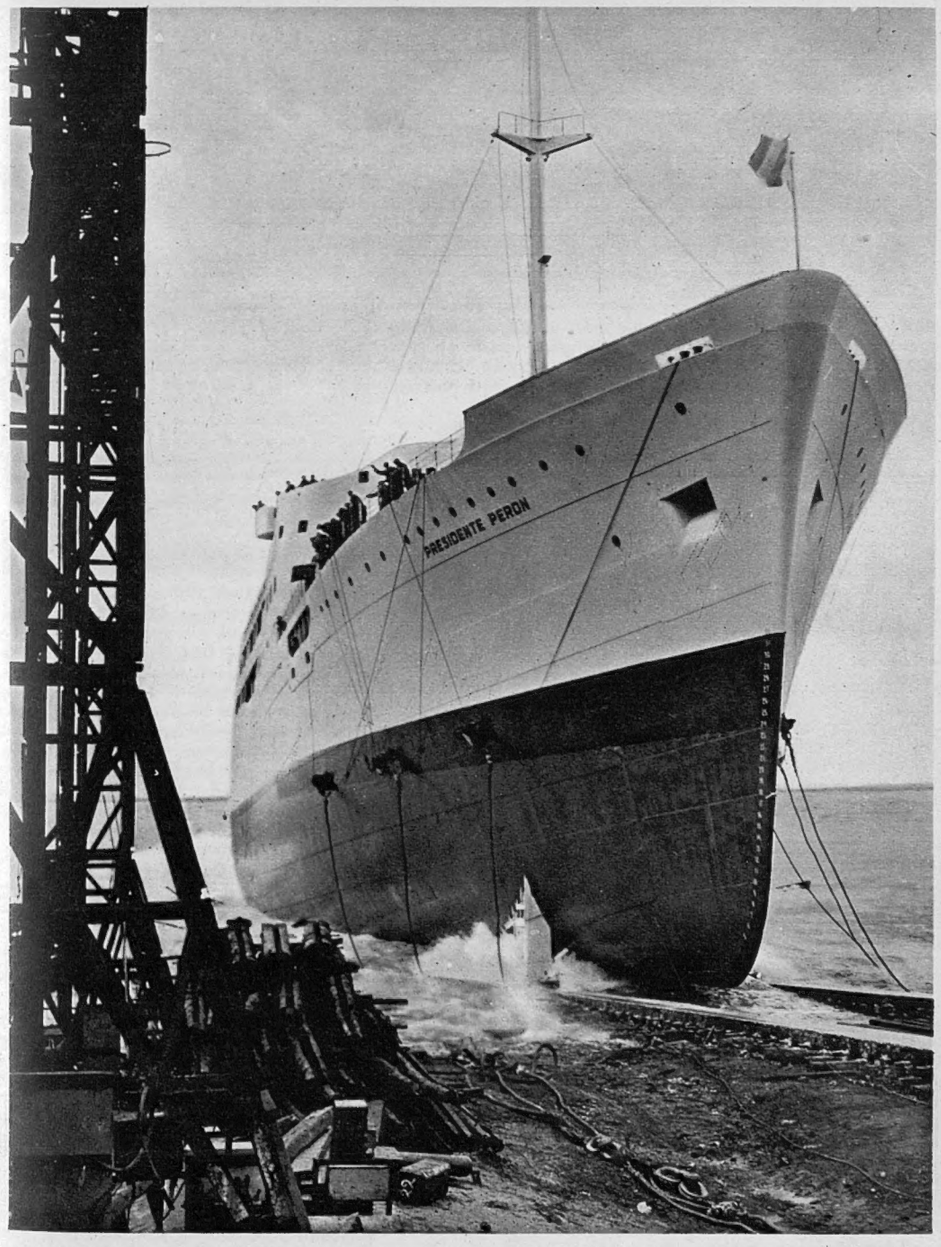


MODERNITY IN EVERY LINE: A naval architect's impression of the final appearance of the "Presidente Peron." The vessel will have a single squat funnel, and the superstructure will be markedly streamlined

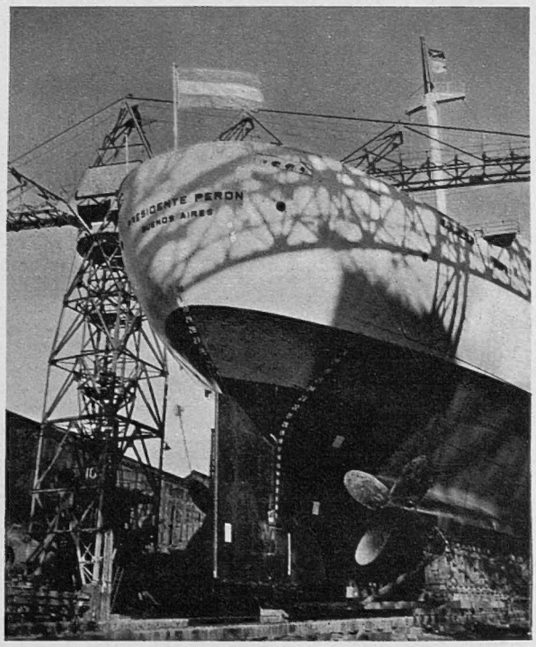
LAUNCH of the "PRESIDENTE PERON"

To Inaugurate an Express Service

Britain has always found a good customer in the Argentine Republic, both as regards naval and merchant vessels. The *Presidente Peron* is the first of three new merchant ships to be launched. They will each carry seventy-four passengers in a first class intended for maximum comfort, while a high proportion of cargo space should make them a highly-paying proposition, as the service is to be express. The second of the three ships under order is already being constructed on adjoining ways, and the keel of the third is laid.



THE "PRESIDENTE PERON" GLIDES DOWN THE SLIPWAY: The new liner as she entered the water. Her estimated cost on completion is about £1,500,000, but it is difficult to be sure in these days of steeply mounting prices. Fitting out the new liner will take the rest of the winter months



THE ARGENTINE FLAG FLIES FROM THE STERN OF THE "PRESIDENTE PERON": This picture was taken shortly before the launching ceremony and shows on the left the great crane used for major installations

b

THE SECRET OF THE LONG-DISTANCE CARGO SUBMARINE : A close-up of the conning-tower and the snort device, or breathing mast (left), fitted to the "Barbero," the new type of American supply ship now undergoing trials on the Pacific coast. The centre mast includes radar equipment. This is an American adaptation of the German Schnorkel used by submarines during the war. The British version of the Schnorkel has been tried out with success

Naval News in Pictures

AMERICA BUILDS A CARGO SUBMARINE

New Zealand Frigates at Malta : A British Carrier Squadron has a Great Welcome at the Cape

Above—Under their 1948 programme the United States Navy Department decided to try a number of experiments with submarines. It was arranged that the submarine *Cusk* should be armed experimentally with guided missiles ; that *Sealion* and *Perch* should be fitted to carry 160 troops each ; that *Tyrone* should be modified for radar picket duties ; and that the *Barbero* should be equipped to carry cargo, thus acting, when needed, as a long-range supplier to a beachhead. The development of the cargo submarine has been facilitated by the use of the American modification of the German Schnorkel device, the under-water breathing mast which enables submarines to use main Diesel engines when submerged and to stay down for days, even weeks, at a time. Full details of the new American cargo-carrier have yet to be made known

UNITS OF THE AMERICAN NAVY'S PACIFIC RESERVE FLEET MOORED AT SAN DIEGO : Some of the destroyer escorts which have undergone "pickling" and "cocooning." A number of them are now being examined by teams of experts to see how the equipment is standing up under the Navy's recently devised preservation methods

On left—In 1946 and 1947 the American naval yards at San Diego were the scene of intense activity as warships great and small were put into "mothballs." Now the Navy wants to know how this system of maintenance is working, and a number of warships have been selected for minute examination. Protective coverings will be removed from the superstructures, and in a few months the Navy Department will no doubt issue a report, based on the findings of the scientific squads who go aboard the vessels. A staff of 2,000 at present guards the Pacific Reserve Fleet at San Diego station. But for "pickling" and "cocooning," the staff required would be many times that number

NEW ZEALAND FRIGATES, OUTWARD BOUND FOR THE DOMINION, CALL AT GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA: The four frigates of the Loch class, which were handed over to the New Zealand Navy at Portsmouth last month and received by Mr. Jordan, the High Commissioner, seen as they put in at Valetta. They are berthed in the foreground, below the houses of Sliema, and in the background are units of the British Mediterranean Fleet. The frigates now bear the names "Taupo," "Pukaki," "Kaniere" and "Hawea." Altogether six Loch-class frigates are becoming part of the Royal New Zealand Navy, and South Africa has acquired three. They have a displacement of 1,435 tons, and each carry one 4-in. gun

SOUTH AFRICA'S GREAT WELCOME TO THE NAVY—UNITS OF THE BRITISH HOME FLEET PAY A VISIT TO TABLE BAY: The light fleet aircraft-carrier "Theseus," a vessel of 13,190 tons, entering Cape Town Docks. Away on the left are the suburbs of Cape Town stretching out towards Rondebosch. After a stay in Cape Town, the Carrier Squadron, accompanied by the South African frigate *Natal*, left for manœuvres off the South African coast, and the vessels have since made calls at Cape Town, East London, Port Elizabeth and Durban. Everywhere officers and men have had a remarkable reception. Residents at the various ports of call have placed not only their cars but their houses at the disposal of all who wish to see something of South Africa. The people of Cape Town, one report states, organised an unofficial Navy Week, and the Government of the Union temporarily removed a ban which has been placed on the sending of food parcels to Britain, thus enabling officers and men to send home "Christmas cheer" for their families. During the visit to South Africa more than 170 officers and men of the Union Defence Forces are temporarily serving in some of H.M. ships in order to gain sea experience

TAKEN FROM THE CONTROL TOWER OF H.M.S. "THESEUS": The destroyer "Corunna," the South African naval frigate "Natal," and the carrier "Vengeance" seen off the African coast near Cape Town as they prepared to take part in manœuvres. The "Corunna," which was completed in June 1947, is a member of the powerful Battle class

The CONFLICT AROUND the BELGIAN THRONE

A Clash of Personalities Prevents King Leopold's Return

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT had been confidently forecast that as soon as Prince Baudouin should come of age, he would need to return to Belgium to do his military service, when his re-appearance in Brussels would be the signal for a settlement of the long-drawn-out argument as to who should occupy the Belgian throne.

The Royal majority has come and gone; the Prince remains with his father near Geneva; and the national split, Leopoldists *versus* anti-Leopoldists, continues.

It speaks pages for the solid sense of the Belgian people that, ethnologically and religiously divided as they are, they have not allowed a slow-motion abdication crisis of deeply human content to interfere with what is generally conceded to be the best national recovery in Europe. It almost makes the alien onlooker wonder if things were not best left as they are *sine die*.

But, of course, that is not possible. Even if the Regent, Prince Charles, were married, one part of the dynasty could scarcely go on functioning year after year in Belgium, while a second half kept on tugging as faithfully from Switzerland.

At its centre, the quarrel is a clashing of two strong personalities, King Leopold and Prime Minister Spaak, and up till now—since the liberation, that is—the statesman and politician has found a continuing solution in stalling. M. Spaak can hardly hope to remain at the head of a Socialist-Catholic Coalition if he agrees to a showdown on the King, so he contrives to put the subject back on the shelf each time it is thrust before his eyes.

A remarkable performance, all things considered—and, in point of fact, it has been suggested that a recently published book—*Une Tragédie Royale: L'Affaire Leopold III*, by Alfred Fabre-Luce—might one day make the subject of a first-class play. In that case, here would be the *dramatis personæ*:—

King Leopold III, handsome, intelligent and popular, but headstrong and lonely after the violent death of Queen Astrid. Victim of a Hamlet-like hesitation when his country was overrun.

Princess de Réthy, formerly Elaine Baels, his second wife, daughter of a commoner.

The Dowager Queen Elizabeth, whose paramount care is to prevent anything happening which might imperil the Saxe-Coburg-Wittelsbach inheritance.

Prince Charles, the Regent, an able man impersonally willing and ready to execute what may be decided. Slight lameness due to losing a leg while fighting for the Belgian "underground."

Prince Baudouin, eighteen-year-old heir to the throne. Figures as a brand of Dauphin in the story. Held by his father until the latter sees his name cleared.

Prime Minister Paul-Henri Spaak, witty, fat and fifty, of Churchillian countenance and physique, epitomises in his own love of good living the full anti-austerity shelves of Belgium. Considers the King forfeited his throne when he refused to take the advice of his ministers in 1940.

Franz Van Zeeland, Social-Christian (Catholic) leader and ardent Leopoldist. Ex-Premier who thrashed the Rexist leader Degrelle at the pre-war polls.

Cardinal Van Roey, Belgium's Archbishop, who married King Leopold and Mlle Baels in 1941.

Mme. Marie Spaak, seventy-five-year-old mother of the Premier and leading anti-Leopoldist in the Senate. Says 500,000 Socialist women of Belgium were all grateful to King Leopold for having "demobilised their sons" in May, 1940, but they would never forgive him for having replaced the sweet Queen Astrid by his new wife, Princess de Réthy.

Count P. (the anonymity is exclusively because I cannot spell the gentleman's name), private secretary and alleged evil counsellor of the King.

And Hitler.

The action would open about 1937, when the King initiated a policy of neutrality which seemed almost pro-German by its refusal to extend the Maginot Line to the sea, or to engage in inter-Allied staff talks. M. Spaak was His Majesty's Foreign Minister, and obtained from Germany, France and Britain promises that the Belgian frontiers would not be violated. He hoped that Belgium could be another Switzerland.

But I am not going on from scene to scene, although the second one would undoubtedly be cast in May, 1940, when Spaak saw how wrong he had been and tried to get the King to cross to London with the Government. From London he sent a hot one to the King-Who-Stayed-Behind:

"Sire, the war is not finished. . . . Politics do not consist of always choosing the best card. It is sometimes necessary to know how to play a bad card. At certain times it is better to perish in beauty than miserably to survive."

The King retired to Laeken with his young children, and heard himself bitterly and violently assailed on the wireless the while first murmurings were heard in conquered Belgium itself. Belgians heard of the brave exit of King Haakon, and of the valiant pride of King Christian before the Nazis, and they wished their Leopold had done something similar. Instead—silence.

THE EXILED KING AND HIS SECOND WIFE: King Leopold and the Princess de Réthy, the former Élaine Baels. To-day they make their home at Geneva, awaiting the call to return to Belgium, which has been so long delayed

THE BELGIAN PRINCE REGENT: Prince Charles, brother of King Leopold, a leader of the Resistance Movement and a popular figure

A VISIT TO ROTTERDAM IN 1948: King Leopold with the Princess de Réthy and Prince Baudouin, his son and heir. Many royalists in Belgium fully expected Prince Baudouin to be summoned to Brussels on attaining his majority at eighteen, but this did not come to pass

HE CONSIDERS THE KING FORFEITED HIS THRONE IN 1940: M. Paul Spaak, the Belgian Prime Minister, who continues to shelve the subject of King Leopold's return

Not only did "the Prisoner of Laeken" forbear to raise his voice: report said he was far too cordial to Hitler when he met the Führer at Berchtesgaden in 1940. But it was his Majesty's re-marriage in the following year that definitely turned the scales against the King in his own country.

A tactical error? When may a lonely King cleave to the lady of his heart? I confess to some confusion on the subject, but more Belgians than not regret or are angry to this day that their King chose to marry while in captivity, and while so many other Belgians were prisoners of war, unable even to hear a word from their own wives and sweethearts.

Little more was heard of King Leopold until 1944, when two things happened: he raised his voice for the first time by demanding that Belgian captives be not treated as slave labour; and he and his family were removed to the uncertain fate of Royal refugees in Germany, and later in Austria, while the protecting hand of the dictator grew ever more palsied.

Other important personages were similarly removed, including a Blum and a Reynaud, and at one time the belief was that the Nazis hoped to trade the selection in an armistice settlement. How be that, Leopold committed tactical error number two—and this quite certainly—when he forebore to jump into an American jeep at Zell-am-See on May 9, 1945, and hie to the nearest U.S. airstrip, and so in a flash to Brussels.

I have spoken to Belgians since, and all agree that the King would have been accepted back in the excitement of the hour, although the going would have been stiff for him, and he would have needed *at once* all the clearing by the Allies, such as Sir Roger Keyes was able to give over the Billotte affair (alleged failure of Leopold to advise the Allies that he was going to surrender).

It was emphatically not the time to hang back in Austria, waiting for his good name to be restored, which was what this Problem Monarch did for weeks and months.

Meanwhile, three political parties which considered the absent King either a Fascist or a defeatist, or both, the Socialists, Communists and Liberals, endorsed a general accusation put together by the post-war Socialist Premier, Achille Van Acker, and from then onwards the argument over Leopold became a political one pure and simple—with its roots in the party struggle.

The pro-Leopold Catholics cannot rule without the anti-Leopold Socialists, and *vice versa*. Move after stratagem to find a way out has led to deadlock as the juggling has gone on, principally between Catholics and Socialists, but with the Rightist Liberals having an increasing balancing say. The main idea of all three has been to render Communist co-operation unnecessary.

King Leopold took two major steps this year which set their seal on "the King Question" in Brussels. He asked for a special commission of eight Belgian leaders to make a dispassionate investigation of his wartime role; and he asked Premier Spaak to hold a popular referendum on whether he should abdicate or return to the throne.

By the way, the King has set up a secretariat at the Chateau de Pregny, near Geneva, which operates under his secretary-companion, Count P. His Majesty receives carefully so as not to embarrass the Swiss Government, but it is known that his mother, the Regent and M. Spaak have been to Pregny, and representatives of this and that body. The campaigning to return is constant, and Leopold has only once relaxed—to go on a Caribbean holiday. Otherwise he sticks to golf, at which he is first-rate.

At Pregny are the Princess and four children (one by the second marriage), and Genevan exile is made tolerable by funds amounting to £38,000 per annum. Madame is also wealthy.

After this painful intrusion into the private life of our subject I hasten to add the results of his two moves, because they 'll send his stock up.

The Commission decided that Leopold was within his Royal rights and his constitutional obligations in all his actions at the time of the surrender, and that his only concern was the interest of his country. The report accused the Government of misrepresenting the King's acts, and added that Leopold had himself been in favour of the Government's move to London and its continued struggle on the side of the Allies.

The Commission was not all-party, yet the missing parties have long dropped the charge of outright treason or anything like it.

Secondly, the referendum was refused, and one didn't have to look beyond the Socialists who, for a presumably obvious reason, have been rigidly opposed to one.

Latest position is that Brussels signals: "Send us your son back," and that King Leopold signals to M. Spaak in reply: "Kindly proclaim publicly that my honour is untarnished."

After the "untarnished" there is a *sotto voce* "and then we 'll see."

What shall we see?

Let us hope we may see a settlement in which Paul-Henri Spaak is not lost to Western Europe, since he is about the only real democratic leader turned out on the Continent—maybe beyond the Continent—since the end of the war. The actual machinery we shall see is another Commission—but this time set up at the behest of the Liberals, who appear to be inclining more Leopoldwards.

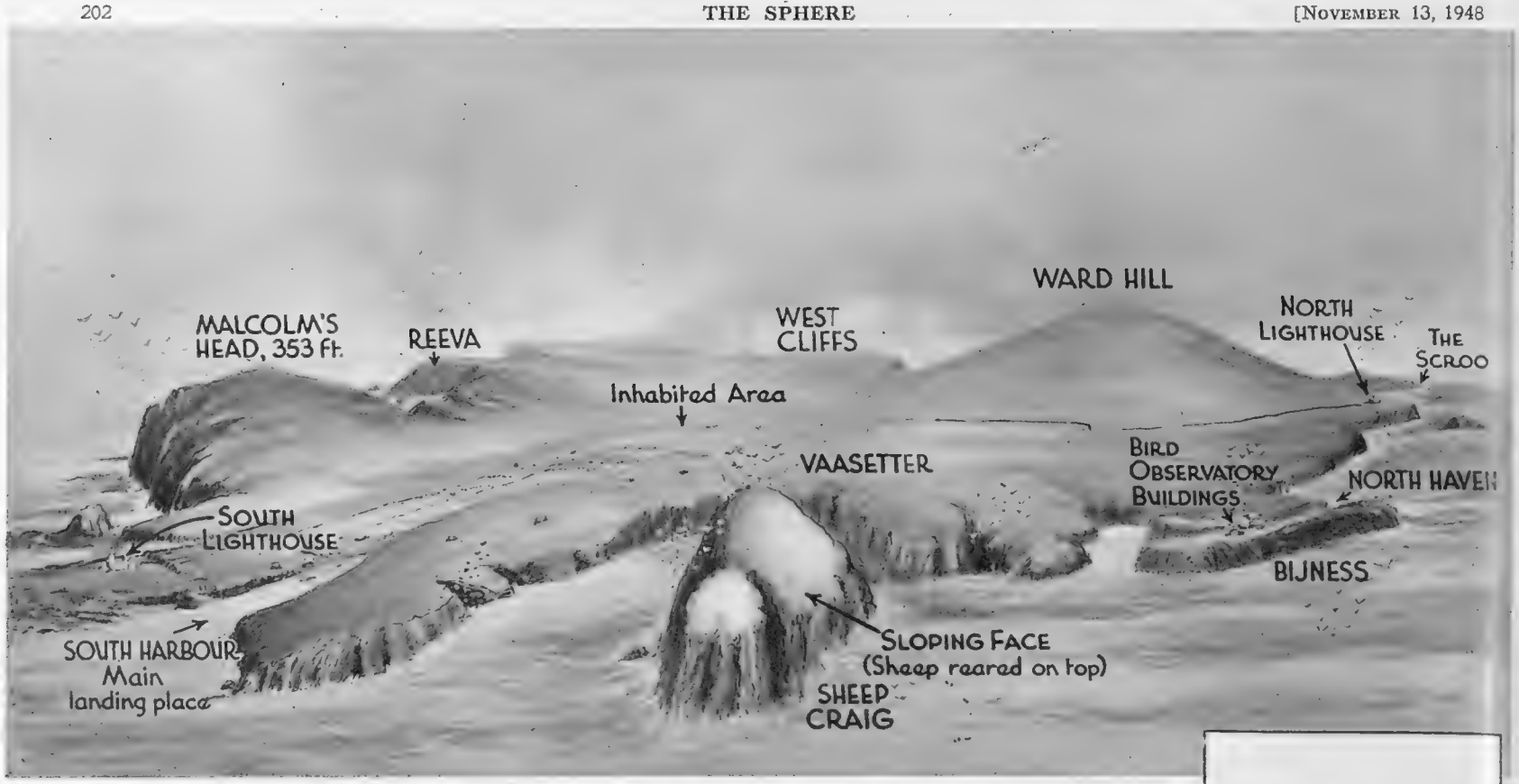
THE SKULL OF A MIOCENE APE OF OVER 20,000,000 YEARS AGO : It was discovered by Mrs. L. S. B. Leakey, wife of the field leader of the British-Kenya Miocene Expedition, on Rusinga Island, Lake Victoria, and was flown to London, where it was privately exhibited at the British Museum before being taken on to the director of the expedition, Professor Le Gros Clark, at Oxford

AFTER 20,000,000 YEARS

The Fossilized Skull of a Miocene Ape, Discovered on Rusinga Island

In January 1947 the Pan-African Congress on Pre-History was held in Nairobi, and one of the results of it was the formation of the British-Kenya Miocene Expedition. Last month this expedition made an outstandingly important discovery on Rusinga Island, Lake Victoria. This was of the greater part of the skull, the lower jaw and the face of a Miocene ape of the species Proconsul Mrs. Leakey, who made the discovery, found the skull in a number of completely fossilized fragments, and these were pieced together to form the most complete skull of a Miocene ape ever found anywhere. It is estimated to be between 20,000,000 and 25,000,000 years old. Dr. Leakey, the field leader of the expedition, found an almost complete jaw of a Proconsul ape on Rusinga Island in 1942, but it was Dr. A. T. Hopwood who first discovered jaw fragments of the species Proconsul at Koru, in Kenya, in 1931. One of the most interesting points concerning this latest discovery is the evidence of certain near-human features, and Dr. Leakey has said : " Its importance lies in the fact that it shows near-human features which, it is generally considered, did not develop in apes until millions of years later." Dr. Leakey, considered the present discovery of such importance that he arranged for his wife to fly back to England with the skull so that it might be examined in detail by Professor Le Gros Clark

WAS IT HUMAN ? Two more pictures of the 20,000,000-year-old Miocene ape's skull, with (*on right*) a comparison of its size with that of an ordinary matchbox. Certain features of the skull (for example, the forehead formation and the eye-sockets) are markedly near-human. It was brought to England by Mrs. Mary Leakey, who made the discovery. She brought the fossilized skull in a special container from Nairobi to London by the B.O.A.C. service



TREELESS, WINDSWEPT FAIR ISLE LIES IN THE DIRECT LINE OF FLIGHT OF MIGRANT BIRDS : A diagrammatic drawing of the island, situated half-way between the Orkneys and the Shetlands, which has been acquired by Mr. G. Waterson and Mr. I. Pitman for development as a bird-watching centre. An observatory is being established, with a hostel for bird-observers and other visitors, and there will also be a winter research laboratory and library in Edinburgh. A Trust to administer the Fair Isle Bird Observatory has been formed and the public are being asked to support the scheme. The island extends to 3½ miles by 1½, and nearly 300 different species and sub-species of birds have been recorded there to date—*Drawings by Percy Home*

SHEEP CRAIG, A DOMINATING FEATURE OF FAIR ISLE, THE NEW SCOTTISH MIGRATION OBSERVATORY : An artist's impression of the black, cloud-capped rock. R. L. Stevenson called it "the most unedifying coastline I have seen," and few authors who have visited the remote island have omitted to comment on the forbidding character of Sheep Craig

FAIR ISLE BIRD OBSERVATORY :

Discussions initiated in a German prison camp between two Edinburgh men, Mr. George Waterson, who was captured in Crete, and Mr. Ian Pitman, taken prisoner at St. Valery, have culminated in the realisation of a cherished dream—the acquisition of Fair Isle and its conversion into what may become the leading bird observatory in Europe, a successor to the Heligoland of pre-war days. Two streams of migrants meet at Fair Isle, and it is intended to keep a detailed and continuous record of bird movements through the isle, especially during the spring and autumn migration seasons. This work will necessitate the employment of a trained ornithologist who will live on Fair Isle for the spring, summer and autumn period. Mr. Kenneth Williamson, field naturalist and author, has been chosen to act as director on Fair Isle, and he will spend the winter months in Edinburgh at the Trust headquarters writing up reports

A STEPPING-STONE FOR MIGRANTS : A sketch-map of the situation of Fair Isle, half-way between the Orkneys and the Shetlands. It lies in the line of flight of the hosts of migrants which in spring and autumn pass through Britain on their journey to and from their summer homes in Northern Europe. Fair Isle has a wonderful variety of scenery

TWO SCOTTISH OUTPOSTS

The Fair Isle Bird Sanctuary, and the Keepers of Ailsa Craig

WHEN THE WEEK'S MAIL ARRIVES AT AILSA CRAIG : *Left*—Keeper McLean, his wife and twin daughters, assistant keeper David Sinclair, assistant keeper Alan Gibson and Mrs. Gibson, turn out to welcome the supply vessel "Lady Ailsa" on arrival at the rocky islet in the Firth of Clyde. *Right*—All hands help in bringing the supplies up the shore. Ailsa Craig has only these seven inhabitants, and bringing their supplies in the winter is often a tricky job

PRACTISING MOUNTAIN RESCUE : Mr. Donald Duff discussing with members of a team one of the finer points of bringing injured climbers down the mountainside. Mr. Duff, Surgeon Superintendent at Fort William Hospital, is the inventor of the special aluminium stretcher seen in the foreground. Many Scottish rescue teams use this stretcher

THE MOUNTAIN RESCUE STRETCHER : The various components of Mr. Duff's invention can be carried by two climbers. The single pneumatic wheel is a great help on the less arduous stretches of the descent

HIGHLAND RESCUE:

There would seem to be no limit to the foolhardiness of inexperienced climbers, and in the Highlands rescue teams operate in many districts, fully expecting in the summer and autumn months a spate of work. Nearly always the men and women they bring down from perilous summits are climbers of little experience who have neglected the advice of the more knowledgeable, and have gone off into the wilds on their own. To deal with these cases Mr. Donald Duff, Surgeon Superintendent of Fort William Hospital, has perfected his 24-lb. aluminium mountain stretcher. The Lochaber rescue team, whom he has instructed in its use, have used the stretcher to good effect. They have made no fewer than twenty-four rescues in a year

AN INJURED CLIMBER IS LOWERED DOWN THE FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN : The aluminium stretcher in action. A mountaineer keeps an eye on the patient, whose leg is in splints, and at the same time checks the speed of the descent. The patient is told to keep staring straight ahead

GOOD-BYE TO AILSA CRAIG—LOOKING FROM THE STERN OF THE RELIEF VESSEL "LADY AILSA" TO THE BASALTIC ROCKY ISLET IN THE FIRTH OF CLYDE, WHICH RISES SPECTACULARLY TO A HEIGHT OF 1,140 FT. : Ailsa Craig, sometimes called "Paddy's Milestone," because it lies on the steamer route between Glasgow and Ireland, is celebrated both as bird sanctuary and as a source of fine-grained granite, used in the manufacture of curling-stones. The "Lady Ailsa," which acts as supply vessel to the lighthouse, is commanded by Captain Archie Girvan, who has made the trip to Ailsa Craig more than 1,000 times in the past fifteen years, taking food, stores, newspapers and mail for the seven inhabitants. The Ailsa Craig light was built in 1836. It is manned by three keepers. The light, raised on a 60-ft. tower, shines on clear nights a distance of thirteen miles

"SMOG" DESCENDS UPON THE TOWN OF DONORA, PENNSYLVANIA: This is the main shopping thoroughfare of the little steel-making town which was the scene of the death in a single day of eighteen elderly persons, sufferers from asthma or heart disease, who succumbed, according to the medical authorities, because of the exceptional strain on their hearts occasioned by "smog," a mixture of acid fumes, smoke and fog. About 500 other persons were reported to be under treatment as a result of "smog," and the town hospital was severely overcrowded

TREATING A "SMOG" VICTIM AT DONORA: While members of her family look on, Mrs. Frieda van Kirk (aged sixty-six) receives oxygen after being rushed to hospital. All 12,000 inhabitants of the heavily industrialised town have been suffering from some ill-effects of "Smog." Nearly all those seriously affected have been over fifty years of age. Oxygen tents and adrenalin have been rushed to the area. Rather similar conditions have prevailed throughout Western Pennsylvania, especially along river valleys

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

From DONORA'S "SMOG" to ALPINE HEIGHTS

MANHATTAN GIVES A GREAT WELCOME TO THE "GENERAL BLACK," THE FIRST VESSEL TO BRING EUROPEANS TO THE UNITED STATES UNDER THE NEW DISPLACED PERSONS LAW: As the vessel, dressed overall, moved into New York docks the D.P.s were greeted with a din of whistles from other ships, and opposite the Statue of Liberty two city fireboats threw streams of water high into the air in salute to them. At the pier they were welcomed by the Attorney-General, representing President Truman, by Mayor O'Dwyer, and by other city and Federal officials with speeches that few of them could translate, but the purport of which all could understand. One White Russian tearfully declared: "This is the miracle of our second birth"

LAST TRIBUTES TO FRANZ LEHAR, COMPOSER OF "THE MERRY WIDOW" AND MASTER OF OPERETTA: The coffin borne through the streets of Bad Ischl before the funeral service. In a wheel-chair immediately behind the coffin was the composer's brother, Baron Anton von Lehar. Accompanying him are Baroness Lehar and Franz Lehar's sister. The composer had lived at Bad Ischl for nearly forty years. He was the Hungarian-born son of a Czech bandmaster, and in his youth served in the Austro-Hungarian Army. His first stage-hit as a composer was in 1902, and thereafter came a series of successes, with *The Merry Widow* in 1905, *The Count of Luxembourg* in 1909, *Gipsy Love* in 1910, *Frasquita* in 1925, *Frederica* in 1928, and *The Land of Smiles* in 1931

THE JEWISH VICTORY IN SOUTHERN PALESTINE: Jeeps and armoured cars of the Israeli forces in the town of Beersheba following their defeat of the Egyptians in a series of actions which placed 30,000 of their opponents in four pockets. The fall of Gaza was only prevented by the cease fire. *On right*—**An Israeli officer questioning Egyptian prisoners.** Despite appeals by King Farouk, King Abdullah did not come to the succour of his ally. As a result of the fighting the whole Northern Negev, which under Count Bernadotte's plan was allotted to the Arabs, has now fallen into Jewish hands. The Jews have also improved their communications with Jerusalem

REAR-ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN RETURNS TO THE SEA : The former Viceroy of India seen with Lady Mountbatten and Lieut.-Colonel Salomone, of the Royal Malta Artillery, at a dance held at the Union Club, Malta, by officers of the 1st Coast Regiment of the R.M.A. Lord Mountbatten had just arrived in Malta to take up his post as Flag Officer Commanding First Cruiser Squadron. On October 27 Rear-Admiral R. V. Symonds-Taylor struck his flag in H.M.S. *Newcastle*, and Lord Mountbatten hoisted his flag on the following morning

THE NATIONALIST DEBACLE IN MANCHURIA AND NORTHERN CHINA : General Wei Li-Huang, Commander of the garrison in Mukden, largest city of Manchuria, who capitulated last week to the Communist forces which surrounded the city. The fall of Mukden, together with the dispersal of thirty-nine American-equipped front-line divisions, spells, for the time being, at any rate, the end of Nationalist authority in Manchuria. The whole Nationalist position in North China has been threatened, and already there is talk in Nanking of a possible Coalition Government for all China, in which the Communists would be asked to join

THE FANATIC WHO BIT OFF HIS OWN TONGUE : John Politis, a Communist from Keratea, was captured by the Athenian police in the Port of Piræus when helping to transfer guerilla recruits from Athens to the battle-front. When he was captured by police two months ago he attempted to evade the police by throwing himself under a truck. His legs were badly crushed. Politis was taken to General Security Headquarters for interrogation, where he bit off his tongue

MUNSTER CELEBRATES THE PEACE OF 1648 : Standard-bearers taking part in the ceremony in the Friedens Hall, the historic room where the Peace of Westphalia was signed 300 years ago to mark the end of the Thirty Years War. Earlier in the day there was a procession through Munster's war-torn streets. During the Thirty Years War Munster suffered much at the hands of Protestant armies. In the Second World War Munster suffered more than any other city of Westphalia, saving perhaps Paderborn, and for many months its main streets remained completely impassable

GEORGES LAMBERT SLEEPS AFTER HIS MOUNTAIN ORDEAL : With Jacques Liegay, a fellow Alpine guide, he was stranded for five days without food on the 12,500-ft. Le Pave peak, south-east of Grenoble. *On right*—**Liegay and Lambert being brought to safety by their colleagues. The search party was composed of sixty volunteer Alpine guides**

IN AND OUT : Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dewey at the New York polling station, where they cast their votes in the 1948 Presidential Election, an election which the Republicans entered on the floodtide of confidence, only to see every prediction (except that of Mr. Truman himself) confounded

THE DEWEY DEBACLE

The Most Dramatic Presidential Election in American History

Drama has always been associated with American elections from the days when Vice-President Aaron Burr, originator of the Democratic Party's political machine, was indicted both for murder and treason, to that remarkable campaign in the week just past when President Harry Truman, almost bereft of that machine's support and with only a few faithful followers, fought a lone battle which retained the Presidency for himself and brought his doubting Democratic followers surging back into office.

Mr. Truman's triumph, in the face of seemingly hopeless odds, and Mr. Dewey's defeat, which "he snatched from the jaws of victory," as one commentator declared, aroused almost as much interest in Britain as in America, particularly as the issue remained in doubt until an early hour of the following day, when the vital electoral votes in Ohio, Illinois and California were seen to be swinging in favour of the man from Missouri. For Governor Dewey his defeat

(Continued on next page)

GOVERNOR DEWEY CONCEDES THE VICTORY TO PRESIDENT TRUMAN : The Republican candidate announcing to the Press his acknowledgment of the Democratic triumph. Up till a late hour the Republicans clung to the hope that victories in Ohio, California and Illinois would swing the election, and, indeed, Mr. Truman only won Ohio's 25 electoral votes by a 13,000 majority

THE REPUBLICANS WENT HOME IN DISGUST : The Dewey-Warren headquarters in the Roosevelt Hotel, New York, almost deserted as the last returns came in, revealing that Dewey had failed in his second bid for the Presidency. The Republicans had planned a monster party

HOW THE NATION WAS TOLD THE NEWS : The election headquarters of the American Broadcasting Company in New York, with a battery of teletype machines before the election board performing the task of recording the minute-to-minute returns. When this picture was taken Truman had built up a lead in Illinois, and was even leading in New York, while in Pennsylvania, Ohio and California a ding-dong battle for supremacy kept excitement at fever pitch

PRESIDENT TRUMAN MEETS HIS BROTHER, MR. VIVIAN TRUMAN: This meeting took place in Independence, Missouri, as the President concluded his campaign

DEMOCRATS MAKE WHOOPEE AT THEIR HEADQUARTERS HOTEL: A cheering throng in the Biltmore Hotel, New York, greeting with delight the first returns

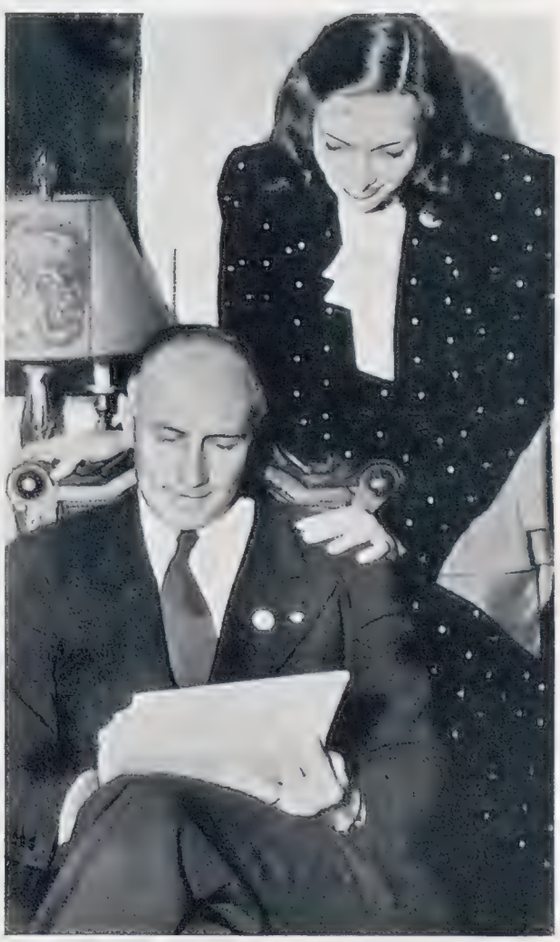
HARRY S. TRUMAN, THIRTY-THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES: The Democratic leader, whose game fight and eventual victory won the admiration of the world. Mr. Truman was born in Missouri in 1884, and became United States Senator from Missouri in 1935

MARGARET TRUMAN ON THE PORCH OF MR. TRUMAN'S HOME AT INDEPENDENCE: The President's daughter came out on election night to tell well-wishers that her father was not at home. Mr. Truman had slipped away to Kansas City

(*Continued from previous page*)

meant political eclipse. There is nothing of the William Jennings Bryan about him, a torch-bearer of party faith through the years of defeat. For Mr. Truman victory meant power in his own right, and with a Democratic Congress behind him the chance to undo much of the doubtful work of the Republicans during their last two years of Congressional control.

Of the splinter party candidates, Wallace and Thurmond, there is little to be said save that Mr. Truman won without them. Mr. Thurmond actually carried four states, while Mr. Wallace polled enough in New York to ensure that the electoral votes went to Dewey. Both men really underlined the Truman triumph.



THE MAN WHO CAPTURED FOUR STATES AND THIRTY-EIGHT ELECTORAL VOTES: Governor J. Strom Thurmond, of South Carolina, who opposed Mr. Truman on the grounds of his Civil Rights campaign. Mr. Thurmond is seen with Mrs. Thurmond at their home at Columbia, South Carolina, checking the first returns as they came in

THE MAN WHO STOPPED MR. TRUMAN WINNING IN NEW YORK STATE: Ex-Vice-President Henry Wallace with his wife and his campaign manager, C. P. Baldwin. Wallace received just over 1,000,000 votes in the election. New York State, where the Communists worked on his behalf, gave him half of that total and contributed considerable funds

STILL THE ONLY LIVING EX-PRESIDENT IN THE UNITED STATES: Mr. Herbert Hoover seen as he was about to record his vote in New York. Mr. Hoover, the last Republican at the White House, was defeated by Franklin Roosevelt in 1932

THE ROYAL PARTY ARRIVE AT THE PALLADIUM: The doorman, with his outsize umbrella and his broad grin, escorting the Royal party from their car before last week's Royal Command Variety Performance. Although it was pouring with rain, the usual enthusiastic crowds assembled outside to watch the arrival of the Royal party, and there were the usual police reinforcements

A Memorable Night at the Palladium

THE ROYAL COMMAND VARIETY SHOW

FROM THE ROYAL BOX: The Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret, His Majesty the King and Her Majesty the Queen watching the Royal Command Variety Performance

DANNY KAYE PROVIDES TWENTY MINUTES OF INIMITABLE HILARITY: The American star, who flew to England especially for the Royal Command show, seen as he gave his act. Danny, all legs, hands, grin, and carroty hair, did not get quite the response from his fashionable audience that he has had in the past at the Palladium. As he slouched on to the stage in a royal blue jacket and light blue trousers he told the audience that he was glad to be "home again"

THE BABY OF THE SHOW: Julie Andrews, the young soprano who led the audience and the 300 performers in the National Anthem at the end of the show, and also gave a selection from her repertoire of songs. Julie is thirteen

FINALE OF THE ROYAL COMMAND PERFORMANCE—THE BIG MOMENT AT THE END OF THE EVENING WHEN THE ARTISTES CAME OUT TO RECEIVE THE APPLAUSE AFTER ONE OF THE BEST SHOWS OF ITS KIND YET STAGED: The King and Queen, Princess Margaret, and the Duke of Edinburgh can be seen in the flower-bedecked Royal box. The audience paid £14,000 to see the show, and to aid the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Fund

"I hope you 'll pardon my accent," said Charlie Chester, "it's English." This was only one of the many digs at the Palladium management's love of American acts at last week's Royal Command Variety Performance which brought an audience of 2,400 people to see 300 performers giving their services on behalf of the Variety Artistes' Benevolent Fund. Needless to say, it was a first-rate show, and it was very obvious that the King and Queen, Princess Margaret and the Duke of Edinburgh enjoyed the thirty acts to the full. Danny Kaye, who had spent the whole day rehearsing in his hotel room after a flight from America, found the audience a trifle less receptive than usual, but even so he packed as much fun, cheek and charm into his act as his most ardent admirers could wish. One of the evening's great hits was Ted Ray, who came right into his own; while our own Crazy Gang, headed by Bud Flanagan and his old partner, Chesney Allen, together again for one night after three years, received a magnificent ovation as they strolled on to the stage in their old tramps' clothes to join Danny Kaye in "Underneath the Arches"—the song-hit which is now sweeping America. There was also a big welcome for the variety veterans

THE FINAL LINE-UP BEFORE THE CURTAIN CAME DOWN ON THE ROYAL COMMAND PERFORMANCE TWENTY-SEVEN MINUTES AFTER THE SCHEDULED TIME: The 300 artistes taking part in the finale of the show. Danny Kaye is in the centre of the stage with his arm on Chesney Allen's shoulder. On Allen's right are Jimmy Nervo, Teddie Knox, Eddie Gray, Ted Ray and Derek Roy. On Danny Kaye's left are Bud Flanagan, Naughton and Gold, Arthur Askey, Charlie Chester, Adam and June di Gitanos, the Bernard Brothers, the Colstons and Stewart Macpherson. Just beneath the Royal box are Buster Shaver and "The Three Midgets"

THE HORSE OF THE CENTURY?—AND OTHERS: Action Studies Over the Sticks and on the Flat

NATIONAL SPIRIT WINS AGAIN: Fresh from his triumphs on the flat, Mr. Abelson's fine horse is seen (nearest camera) taking a hurdle with Cromwell in the Rank Challenge Cup, held at Fontwell Park. National Spirit started an odds-on favourite, and won by twelve lengths. This year he has won five of his seven races on the flat

KIPPER KITE LEADS THE FIELD OVER THE WATER: The eleven-year-old was a firm favourite for the Cissbury Steeplechase at Fontwell Park last week, but refused two fences from home, when in the lead. Vinall got him over at the second attempt, and Kipper Kite, running on very gamely, went on to dead-heat for second place

HOW CITATION WON THE BELMONT PARK INTERNATIONAL GOLD CUP TO ADD ANOTHER 75,000 DOLLARS TO HIS ALREADY COLOSSAL EARNINGS ON THE AMERICAN TURF: Three action pictures of the horse from Calumet Farm as Eddie Arcaro, who has ridden him in so many races, triumphed yet again. It was a truly international field, with the Aga Khan's Nathoo, winner of the Irish Derby, and Bayeux, the fastest horse in Belgium, heading the foreign contingent. An American account of the race declared: "Citation ran like a railroad train. When Jockey Arcaro pushed the throttle, Citation, who runs with great economy, came whistling down the stretch using just enough steam to stay two lengths ahead of Phalanx, and pick up 75,000 dollars"

HURDLING CONTRASTS: Four competitors in the race for the Petworth Handicap Hurdle at Fontwell, each of whose jockeys reveals marked differences in style. Nearest the camera is J. Dowdeswell, on Fair Enough. This was Dowdeswell's first day back in the saddle after a long absence from the Turf due to a broken leg. In the lead is Scaramouche, ridden by G. Anderson. Racing over the sticks will soon hold undisputed sway, as the "flat" comes to an end at Manchester this month

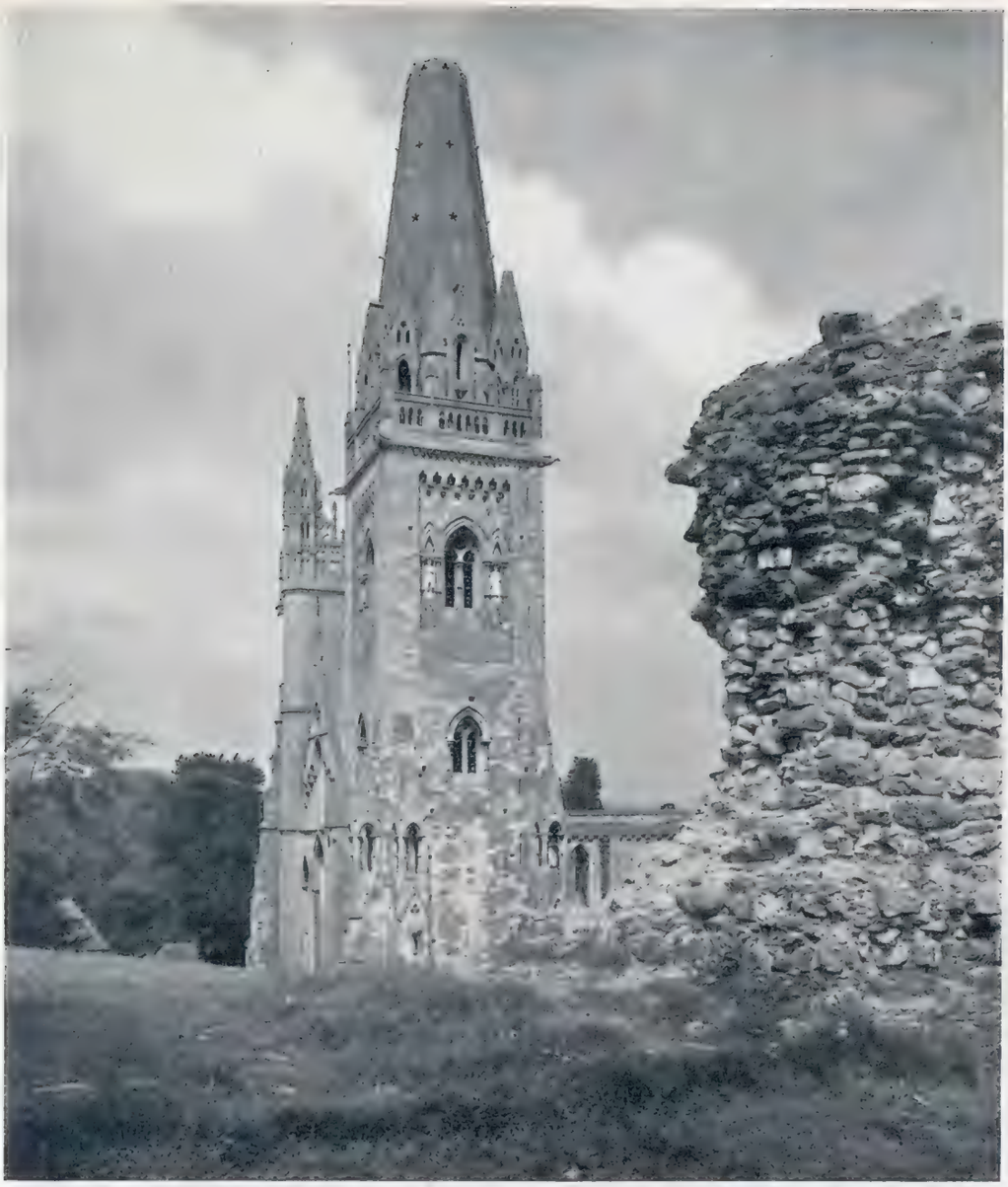
NATIONAL SPIRIT SHOWS HOW HURDLING SHOULD BE DONE: H. Nicholson riding the hurdler and flat racer at Fontwell Park. National Spirit won the coveted Champion Hurdle Race at Cheltenham last March, and may well score again in 1949

ROOFLESS AND WINDOWLESS LLANDAFF

An Appeal is Launched to Make Good the Damage of the Blitz

In the valley of the River Taff, well away from the bustle of Cardiff, is Llandaff Cathedral, standing in the same glen where the ancient British builders set up their first wooden church. To-day Llandaff Cathedral is roofless and windowless, a land-mine having dropped on it in January 1941, doing an immensity of damage and rendering the whole fabric unsafe.

At the end of October an appeal for £100,000, the estimated sum required after allowing for the payments to be made on account of war damage, was launched in Cardiff by the Archbishop of Wales, and it is hoped that before long a complete programme of restoration can be carried out. To-day the Lady Chapel (with a boarded-up East window) and the presbytery are all that can be used for public worship. The nave is open to the skies, the spire truncated, the organ out of action, and the bells unsafe for use. In fact, Llandaff is in just about the same condition of ruin as when the nineteenth-century restoration began. Llandaff is one of the oldest cathedral sites in Britain.



THE TRUNCATED SPIRE OF LLANDAFF CATHEDRAL : A view looking towards the West front of the damaged cathedral, showing the south-west tower, which was rebuilt in 1849-67, as it has appeared since 1941, when the spire was damaged by the detonation of the land-mine which rocked the whole cathedral. Already £14,000 has been promised towards the £100,000 required for restoration

LOOKING THROUGH THE WINDOWLESS WEST FRONT OF LLANDAFF : Although the spire was truncated and the roof fell in, architects have found that the general structure survived the shock remarkably well

IN LLANDAFF TO-DAY—THE NORMAN CHANCEL ARCH AND THE BLITZED NAVE : Two aspects of the great Welsh cathedral on behalf of which a stirring appeal has gone forth with the blessing of the Archbishop of Wales. Llandaff has had many bleak periods in its history, notably in the sixteenth century, when neglect and ruin descended upon it, causing Bishop Blethin in the year 1575, when addressing his Chapter, to refer to it as "haec ruinosa Landavensis ecclesia." The deterioration continued until the early part of the eighteenth century, when the building was little more than a mass of ruins. Its subsequent resurgence was followed by the catastrophe of January 1941

A RECORD of the HOME NEWS in PICTURES

THE MARRIAGE OF MR. RANDOLPH CHURCHILL : The only son of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill leaving Caxton Hall with his bride, twenty-five-year-old June Osborne, only daughter of Colonel and Mrs. Rex Osborne of Malmesbury. Mr. Winston Churchill, who can be seen following his son down the steps, was later present at the Savoy Hotel at a luncheon given by Colonel and Mrs. Osborne. Mr. Randolph Churchill was Conservative Member of Parliament for Preston from 1940 until the last General Election in 1945. During the war he served as a staff officer and was later attached to a Commando unit. In 1944 he parachuted into Yugoslavia to work as a liaison officer with Marshal Tito's forces. His first marriage was dissolved in 1945

THE NEW LORD RECTOR OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY : Alastair Sim in his part of Dr. Knox, lecturer in anatomy (and patron of Burke and Hare) in the revival at the Westminster Theatre of James Bridie's play "The Anatomist." It was on the first night of the revival that Mr. Sim heard the news that in polling 2,078 votes he had beaten Harold Macmillan, M.P., by 1,276 votes. The news reached the theatre by phone, and the start of the play was held up as the audience cheered. Mr. Sim is an ex-student of Edinburgh and at one time he was a lecturer in phonetics there

TO COURT BY COACH : His Majesty's Judges of Assize, Mr. Justice Devlin and Mr. Justice Slade, drove from Durham Castle, where they were in residence, to the court for the opening of Durham Assizes

CROWDS GATHER OUTSIDE THE LAW COURTS FOR THE START OF THE JUDICIAL INQUIRY : Those who expected to hear sensational evidence against Ministers of the Crown were disappointed, as it was announced that the documents were so voluminous that a fortnight would be required before the case could be presented and a decision reached as to what witnesses should be called. The hearing was accordingly adjourned until Monday, November 15

HONOURING POLISH VALOUR : *Left*—**The memorial unveiled last week at Northolt to the memory of the men of the Polish Air Force who died while serving with the R.A.F.** *On right*—**Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Tedder (third from right) standing before the memorial after he had conducted the unveiling ceremony**

REOPENING CELEBRATIONS AT THE CAFÉ DE PARIS: The main staircase and part of the dance floor at London's celebrated night haunt, which is now once again in full swing, the blitz damage having at last undergone repair. The Café de Paris received a direct hit from a German bomb in March 1941, when eighty-four people were killed. Among those present on the reopening night were Michael Wilding and Dolores Gray. There were two bands for the dancers—one "straight" and one providing rumba

THE UNITED STATES AMBASSADOR ENTERTAINS AT PRINCES GATE: The American Secretary of State meets Britain's wartime Premier at the U.S. Embassy. Left to right—Mr. George Marshall, who flew over from Paris for the occasion, Mrs. Churchill (seated), Mrs. Lewis Douglas (standing), Mrs. James Douglas, Mr. Lewis Douglas, Miss Sharman Douglas, Mr. James Douglas, Mrs. Marshall, and Mr. Winston Churchill. The luncheon had no particular political significance, but formed a pleasant interlude in Mr. Marshall's arduous round

THE "SUSAN ASHLEY" RETURNS IN TRIUMPH: The Sennen Cove lifeboat entering Newlyn Harbour after taking four men from the sinking hulk "Empire Flamingo." The lifeboat had been summoned to the spot by the tug "Superman," which was towing the hulk. It appears that the "Superman" and the "Empire Flamingo," en route to Briton Ferry, ran into heavy seas off Land's End. When the tow-rope broke, the hulk was tossed helplessly about, rifts occurring in the temporary bulkhead

THE "AUTOBLAST" SHOWS ITS PACES: This new type of fruit-spraying machine was demonstrated recently at Gravel Pits Farm, Marden, showing itself most effective in operation. The mobile plant virtually creates its own hurricane which, impregnated with insecticide, is carried to the topmost branches in the orchard. A 100-m.p.h. gale is created at the point of ejection by means of a fast revolving fan, which operates within a cylinder

AN ANCIENT FAIR WITH A ROYAL CHARTER: A young gipsy boy shows off his two ponies, which were for sale at Yarm Fair, Yorkshire. The fair was first held under a charter granted by King John in 1214, and has been held annually in October ever since. It lasts three days, but by charter is authorised for only two. For this reason the ceremony of "Riding the Fair" and reading the proclamation takes place on the second day. The proclamation is read by the Chairman of the Parish Council, who is accompanied by the Clerk bearing an ancient pikestaff and heralded by the bailiff with blasts on a posting horn. The manorial rights were bought from the lady of the manor by two Yarm brothers, John and Harvey Clapham, who presented them to the town. By virtue of this, the tolls from the fair now go exclusively to the parish council

THE MAIN STREET OF YARM DURING THE FAIR: Nomads from miles around bring their families in the caravans in which they spend their lives. The caravans, which are very beautifully made, have many accessories for the comfort of the occupiers, who seem content enough with their lot

HEAD-ON VIEW OF THE THREE-WHEELER, THREE-SEATER: This economy car bears a resemblance to the famous English Morgan, which was powered by a variety of motor-bicycle engines. A member of the technical staff of a Prague motor factory, Mr. Vaclav Kreibich, designed the model, which is illustrated above and on the left. The vehicle is just over 5 ft. wide and 10½ ft. long, and is driven by a 2-cylinder engine with a capacity of 350 cc. Simplicity is the keynote of the design. The bonnet and the rear of the car are constructed with single piece, hinged panels

ECONOMIC MOTORING FOR CZECHOSLOVAKIANS: A new three-wheeler, with a low-powered engine and a wide front seat which will accommodate three passengers. Note the hinged panel in the rear of the body, which can be raised to give access to the single rear wheel and the small luggage boot

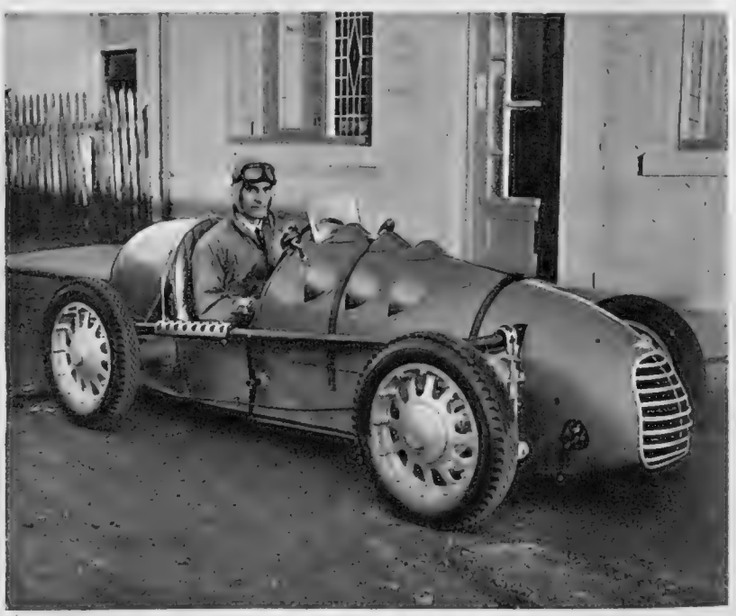
TWO, THREE AND FOUR-WHEELERS

Some New Cars Which Were Not Shown at Earl's Court

ANOTHER MIDGET FROM CZECHOSLOVAKIA: The two-wheeler was designed by a Czechoslovakian test pilot, Jan Andrle, and is known as the Dalnik. It can attain a speed of 75 m.p.h. The Dalnik has retractable wheels for parking, and was exhibited recently at the People's Auto Show in Prague, where midget cars competed for the title of "Ideal Worker's Car," a *Volkswagen* which, it is hoped, will sell for about £150 to workers

ALFA ROMEO'S NEW RACING CAR: The French racing driver, Wimille, driving his Alfetta in the Grand Autodrome Prize Race at Monza, near Milan. The Alfetta was first built in 1938 and was redesigned completely after the war. On July 4 this year it took first, second and fourth places in the Grand Prix d'Europe Race at Berne, Switzerland. At Rheims, on July 18, the Alfetta took first, second and third places in the Grand Prix de France race. Competing for the Grand Prix d'Italie at Turin on September 5, the Alfetta won first place. In each of these events Alfa Romeo were entered against the best machines in Europe. M. Salvelli, a director and engineer of Alfa Romeo, has said that some of the open secrets that have put his cars foremost in the racing world are: the 8-cylinder in-line, valve-in-head motor; the cylinders with a bore of 58 mm. and a stroke of 70 mm.; the two super-chargers, one low and the other high pressure. The motor will develop 250 h.p.

NEW ENGLISH THREE-WHEELER: The Bond Aircraft and Engineering Company of Longridge, in Lancashire, have built this new "runabout" car, which will sell for £198, including purchase tax, and which will be produced at a rate of fifty per week. The engine is a 125-cc. Villiers two-stroke, which will provide a top speed of 38 m.p.h. and a petrol consumption of 120 miles per gallon. The body is made almost entirely of aluminium and the total weight of the Bond Minicar is only 204 lb. It can accommodate two adults and a child



THE BOND "C" TYPE RACING CAR: This 100 m.p.h single-seat racing car will bring motor racing within the range of a large public. It is constructed with light aluminium alloys and weighs just over 3½ cwt. It is driven by a 500-cc. Speedway J.A.P. single-cylinder racing engine

SETTING OUT FOR SCHLESWIGSLAND: The first of four squadrons of Handley-Page Hastings, Britain's latest, largest and fastest military transports, crossing the North Sea en route to their base in Schleswig-Holstein, where they are now aiding in the Berlin air-lift. On this initial flight to Europe the eight aircraft carried seventy ground-crew men and more than forty men acting as air crews. Their base at Schleswigsland is a former Luftwaffe night-fighter station

THE HASTINGS JOINS THE "AIR-LIFT"

Britain's New Air Freighters Join the Berlin Run

The R.A.F. and the U.S.A.F. have shown that if need be the air-lift is here to stay. The latest development in this remarkable story of aerial supply comes from Schleswig-Holstein, where German workmen are engaged night and day in preparing for increasing numbers of Hastings aircraft. From Schleswigsland oil, petrol and coal will be pumped into Berlin in an unending stream, but before the full complement of sixty aircraft are operating it will be necessary for runways to be lengthened and strengthened. Already 19,000 tons of soil have been removed and 7,000 tons of concrete laid, so something of the magnitude of the task at Schleswigsland can be appreciated.

THE 35-TON HASTINGS: A close-up of the R.A.F. freighter which is already making a big difference to the Berlin air-lift, operating from the Schleswig-Holstein base. The Hastings is equipped with four Bristol Hercules engines driving 13-ft. de Havilland four-blade airscrews. The maximum speed in level flight is over 350 m.p.h.

SCHLESWIGSLAND PREPARES FOR ITS NEW TASK: German workmen clearing the former fighter base in Schleswig-Holstein for its increasing part in the air-lift. Full operation is expected before the end of the year

SITTING IN MID AIR—MORE WONDERS OF AVIATION FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC: This picture was taken as a 200-lb. dummy pilot, still in the pilot's seat, had been shot clear of a Douglas J.D.1 when flying at 1,000 ft. above Mustin Airfield, Philadelphia. The idea of the fighter-pilot ejection seat was first developed by the Martin Baker concern in this country, and it would now appear that it is being tried out in the United States with rather larger aircraft. When the ejection seat has soared above the slipstream of the plane a cord is pulled to release the pilot's parachute and to take him clear of the seat in which he was shot upward

THE CONFOUNDING OF POLL PROPHETS

Mr. Truman Sets the Forecasters at Nought

BY CHARLES GRAVES

TWENTY-FOUR hours before the result of the American elections was announced last week, a cable was received at Aldwych House, W.C.2, giving Professor George Gallup's prophecy that 49·5 per cent. of the electorate would vote for Dewey; that 44·5 per cent. would vote for Truman; that Wallace would secure 4 per cent. of the votes and Thurmond 2 per cent. The recipient of this completely erroneous information was Henry Durant, the Director of the British Institute of Public Opinion, an offshoot of Professor Gallup's organisation in the United States.

It was exactly ten years ago that, after twenty months of experiment, Mr. Durant began to publish his first prophetic surveys in Great Britain. His first political forecast was that the Conservatives would win the Batley by-election. In fact, the Labour Party vote was 55·5 per cent. of the electorate, whereas the British Institute of Public Opinion had forecast that it would poll only 49·5 per cent. So this error of six points meant that the prophecy was precisely wrong; the subsequent laboured explanation being that the forecast was completed four days before polling day and that at the last minute the Labour Party switched to plugging Old Age Pensions and increased Unemployment Benefit from its previous attacks on Neville Chamberlain's handling of the Munich crisis.

Against this, the forecast of the 1945 General Election was substantially correct. True, Labour polled 48·8 per cent. as opposed to a forecasted 47 per cent., and the Conservative and Liberal National vote was only 39·4 per cent. as compared with 41 per cent. On the whole, the general forecast was surprisingly accurate, considering that only one in every 14,000 voters was questioned by interviewers.

It must seem extraordinary to the layman that such a diminutive sample of voters was considered enough by the organisers to form a confident prognostication. For, out of the 25,000,000 people who voted in the General Election, only 1,809 were interviewed by the British Institute of Public Opinion. It is claimed, however, that various other Gallup polls in this country have shown that the average error is only 3 per cent. in cases where it has been possible from outside sources to check the figures. There are various reasons put forward for the suggested accuracy of these unofficial quizzes. The first is the breaking-down of the interviewees into geographical, age, social and sex categories. Women outnumber men by almost three to two, so therefore there must be only two men to every three women interviewed on any given topic.

Geographically, there are only 15 per cent. of voters who live in Scotland, so that 85 per cent. of the interviews must take place outside North Britain.

In the case of age groups, these are divided for convenience sake into four categories—21–29, 30–49, 50–64 and 65 plus.

The social grouping is also divided into four categories, of which the well-to-do aggregate 6 per cent., the very poor 15 per cent., the middle classes—anything from shop manager to bank clerk—22 per cent.; the remainder being the artisan class, including shop assistants, and the like. So much for the interviewees, except for the very important fact that the same people are never interviewed twice.

The interviewers number about 150, each averaging ten- to fifteen-minute interviews. They are anything from retired headmasters and bank managers to caretakers and labourers. Naturally, the labourers do not interview people of the leisured classes (if there are such people—which I doubt), nor do the bank managers interview barmaids. The best age for the interviewers, according to the British Institute of Public Opinion, is something between 30–45 years of age. Their average life, as an interviewer, is between eighteen months and two years, though a few have been at it since the start. The reason for their giving it up is that in the case of women they are having children, or have moved to another home, or, in the case of men, they have got another job. They are replaced regularly by unofficial nominees of the W.V.S. and other organisations. They are paid at the rate of 3s. an hour plus expenses, and are given a number of clear-cut instructions, one of the most important of which is that they should never interview either their friends or acquaintances.

On an average, 40 out of every 100 persons are interviewed at home; 30 in the street and a similar number in their offices, factories or shops. Before carrying out any interviewing the interviewers receive a survey form and assignment form. The latter is to nominate the number and types of persons interviewed and the number of refusals experienced. This refusal percentage is surprisingly low. By all accounts, only one person in ten desires the interviewer to chase himself (or herself). The interviewer is advised, when approaching a contact, to say "I am from the Gallup Poll. I would like to ask you a few questions. I am collecting opinions on some questions of national importance. I don't want your name." If the interviewee hesitates, the interviewer is advised to say "We are doing this all over the country, asking thousands of people. May I ask you one or two questions and you will see what it is all about?" Interviewers are also advised that if the weather is bad they should stand in a bus shelter, post office or other public building, but not to go to a library.

Anybody who has ever troubled to study one of these so-called Gallup Polls will notice that a high percentage of people answer "Don't know." This percentage depends very largely on the phrasing of the question and on the actual subject. Not one woman in a hundred will say "I don't know" if asked a question about prices of household goods or food and drink, but as many as 52 per cent. will claim ignorance on the question of the importance or the unimportance of the United Nations. Indeed, it is surprising how many people refuse to commit themselves on an answer to a quiz of which they have only hearsay knowledge.

One interesting statistic is that the average interviewer spends an average of eleven minutes on a dozen questions and answers per person. One of the chief difficulties of the organisation is, of course, to put questions clearly and concisely and in such a way that they do not induce a certain line of thought in the interviewee.

THE MAN WHOM DR. GALLUP AND THE AMERICAN PRESS FORECAST FOR THE WHITE HOUSE: Governor Dewey, of New York, with his mother and his wife awaiting in their New York hotel the Presidential Election results of 1948. Eighteen hours later Mr. Dewey knew America's answer, and the poll forecasters were confounded

THE SMILE OF APPROACHING VICTORY! Governor Earl Warren, of California, Mr. Dewey's running mate, at the polling station with Mrs. Warren at Oakland, California, where they registered their votes in the Presidential Elections

Among the tips to interviewers can be listed the following:

(1) Do not try to impress a contact with your education; use simple words.

(2) Don't adopt the door-to-door salesman's foot-in-the-jamb attitude. You are not selling anything: you are giving people the opportunity of having their opinions listened to and recorded.

(3) A complete refusal is not to be counted as a contact, so don't return a survey form marked "Refused," but find another contact to take the place of the refusal.

(4) Don't approach members of the Forces in uniform.

Altogether there are fifty-six instructions to interviewers which can be summarised as follows:

Be entirely impartial and unprejudiced.

Interview the contact alone and never in the presence of others.

Don't distribute the forms.

Keep expenses down to the best of your ability.

Straightforward opinion surveys are primarily of prestige value to the British Institute of Public Opinion. The monetary reward only becomes interesting when reader research and consumer research are commissioned. During the war the Ministry of Information asked for a representative poll of the British public's attitude towards the United States. Since the war Whitehall has asked for a detailed account of the public's attitude towards such things as National Savings, the Armed Forces, and the fuel problem. Regular work is carried out for the Ministry of Food, which is interested not so much in opinion as in actual increases and decreases of weight caused by rationing. Advertising agencies like to know the public's reaction to such things as individual disinfectants, cosmetics, tractors and permanent waves. Newspapers like to check on the readership of their clients, particularly in connection with which features are most or least popular. Advertising agencies, again, pay handsomely for information which will check the readership of individual advertisements. A specimen copy of a popular illustrated weekly will, after this type of analysis, be covered with hieroglyphics showing that 69 people out of 100 had noticed and read a coloured advertisement or a striking black-and-white photograph of an execution, compared with a 6 per cent. interest in an insignificant paragraph or quarter-column advertisement. Fees for such investigations are quite substantial. I was quoted something between £500 and £600 for a proprietor of a weekly magazine who might want to discover exactly what type of people read his publication.

About five weeks would be required between the agreement on the questionnaire and the handing-in of the report for a magazine with a circulation of 1,000,000 a week. The method adopted in a case like this would be to give the interviewers a card listing the magazine in question and its two nearest rivals. The interviewers would then question people metaphorically in the market-place. "Do you read any of these?" they will ask enigmatically, presenting their cards. Probably one in nine would give the correct answer, and then the interviewer would check on his or her status in life. If it were a question of finding out what features interested them particularly, the interviewees would be traced through the local newsagents and questioned in their homes.

According to Henry Durant, there is no doubt that the average member of the British public is reliable and will tell the truth if appropriate questions are put properly; and though there is no real check on the accuracy of the quiz (unless it is about a political election which can be proved rapidly), there is, nevertheless, a fair chance of assessing the answers through ordinary trade channels.

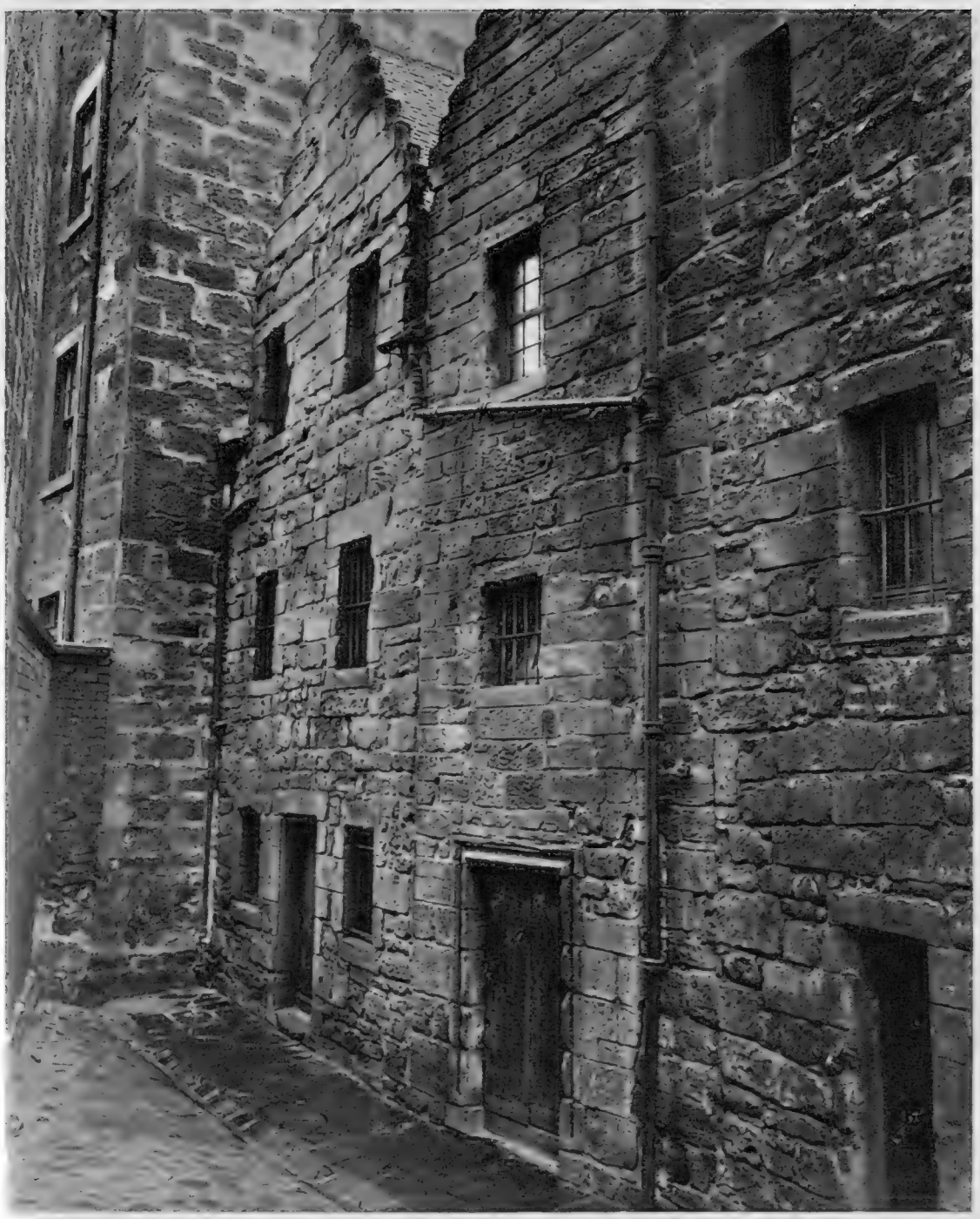
Doctor Gallup himself was a Professor of Journalism in the United States before he discovered what he describes as the short cut to estimating public opinion without the tremendous cost and paraphernalia of a nation-wide plebiscite. His first major success was in 1936 when he announced that he would forecast the result of the Presidential election that year.

How far are these Gallup polls reliable is hard to say except on political issues, such as the latest Presidential Elections. But, as I have said, the British Institute of Public Opinion claims an average error one way or the other of only 3 per cent. Well, if correct, that is infinitely less than the meteorological experts, one of whom during the war said proudly, "We can claim a 60 per cent. accuracy," to which the infuriated Air Vice-Marshal concerned with planning dangerous missions over occupied territory replied: "Which means, my dear sir, that you are completely wrong four times out of ten."

GLASGOW'S OLDEST HOUSE

The Fifteenth-Century Provand's Lordship, the Only Pre-Reformation Building in the City

Twenty years after King James II procured for Bishop Turnbull from Pope Nicholas V a bull constituting a university at the bishop's city on the Clyde, and Glasgow began its history as a centre of learning, Bishop Muirhead built the old house that is now known as Provand's Lordship. It remains one of the show-places of modern Glasgow, a remarkably well-preserved relic of the pre-Reformation age. Every year thousands of visitors come to this old sandstone house near the cathedral, with its massive walls, equally massive beams, and its magnificent set of oak furnishings, and once inside they find themselves plunged all at once from the clatter of the industrial age into an atmosphere of medieval quietude. In 1592 Provand's Lordship was converted into a private dwelling by the owner, William Baillie, and at the close of the seventeenth century the outside stairways, which had been such a picturesque feature of the house, were incorporated in the structure.



THE HOUSE THAT HAS BEEN TURNED BACK TO FRONT: This was the front of Provand's Lordship, Glasgow's oldest house, when built in 1471, but it is now the back and faces the blank wall of a block of flats. Once it looked out on to an orchard. The house was built in 1471 by Bishop Muirhead as a residence for the church officials and for the master of the St. Nicolas Hospice

THE MARRIAGE CHAIR OF WILLIAM CHALMERS, DATED 1667: One of the fine pieces of old oak in Provand's Lordship. Chalmers was Professor of Divinity at King's College, Aberdeen, and married Isobelle Forbes. Both their initials, together with the date, appear on the carved back panel

THE ORIGINAL FIREPLACE IN THE SOUTH ROOM OF PROVAND'S LORDSHIP: The curator is showing a visitor a gadget used in ancient times to tip a kettle when boiling on an open fire. The furniture is of the William and Mary period. Mounted above the fireplace is the coat of arms of Charles II

MADE IN MONMOUTH IN 1694 AND STILL KEEPING ACCURATE TIME: The grandfather clock in the dining-room of Provand's Lordship. The doorway in the background evidences the thickness of the walls

DEPICTING A SCENE FROM HOMER'S "ILIAD": A Flemish tapestry dating from about the year 1600 and still in a remarkably fine state of preservation

New Lamps and Old

The STATELY HOMES of ENGLAND

Some Sombre Thoughts Upon Their Status

By JOHN GORE

"THE STATELY HOMES OF ENGLAND."—On one of those lovely autumn days which sweeten life in Southern England, I was passing the great gates of one of the most famous of all our historic English houses and stopped to show my son a place where in old days I spent many a delightful and inspiring week-end; and which holds for me memories of great significance and even pride. We paid the tourist's fee and were free to roam the gardens and park. For a larger fee, we might have been "shown round inside" by an authorised guide, but that (as I had found by experience of a visit to Montacute) is better avoided. It is a test of endurance not lightly to be undertaken to be shown round a house which you once knew very well as a guest or inmate.

This great house had been used as a hospital during the war and was now empty. There were signs of great activity (which I was pleased to see) on outside repair to the fabric. Many masons were engaged on the Tudor brickwork on a network of slender scaffolding, and I wondered how much of the secrets and skill of the craftsmen who formerly tended the house, from generation to generation, had been passed on to them.

The lawns, of course, were not so smooth, the formal gardens not so ornate and gay, the paths were sometimes obstructed with weeds or gone into disuse. The lake was still the haunt of wildfowl and none the worse for having gone back to nature. The old maze still stood reasonably well-clipped, and over the parapet walls the deer park showed its vistas and avenues between the great oaks and chestnuts and bracken clumps, dotted formerly with herds of fallow deer. And the great house, with its four distinct façades, the formal Italian front, the severe Tudor, the mellow manor-house front and the classic domestic Tudor, still rose to dominate its appropriate settings, which in the middle state between neglect and tending, still served their purpose to set off the house and to give a hint of the manner of life of those who lived in it in the graceful, spacious days of Elizabeth and onwards to the World Wars.

It was not always the home of princes or great statesmen. For generations it was the manor house of fox-hunting squires. But the same family has owned it for three-and-a-half centuries, cherished it and loyally carried out their responsibilities as landlords to the limits of their ability and acreage—a practical and efficient trust and patronage.

Within the park walls, then, the setting remained adequate to give to the social historian a picture of the past, not too far from the truth. But, outside, it was a different story. The great domain was gone beyond recall. The low-rolling countryside was slashed in every direction by great trunk roads; factories and blocks of workmen's flats stood up, sheer and bald, on scrubby disused fields; petrol stations, road signs, dumps and shacks, the beginnings of new towns, everywhere replaced old farms, and as far as the eye could reach there was little to suggest beauty or grace or, for that matter, fitness. The great house, for all the purposes for which it was designed, lay like an old hulk, half-submerged in a forgotten harbour, a relic of a useful past, awaiting the processes of final extinction; at the best, a temporary museum dependent on public support.

But this great house, one of many in this island, possesses advantages, has chances of survival, which few of its peers possess. It is near enough to London and admirably served by all means of transport to draw the tourist traffic for years to come. It has historic memories more interesting and continuous than most. The Tudor and Stuart sovereigns lived in it and knew it well, and here their ministers made history and preserved the records and documents from which history is compiled.

The Problem of Contents.—Such a house is literally crammed with treasures of art and historical documents of great importance. The latter present no great problem. The Record Office, the British Museum, a score of great national store-houses in being, could house them and be proud to accept the loan. The problem (and it is one shared by a hundred great or lesser country houses) begins with the rank-and-file of the pictures and with the bulk of the furniture. Works of the great painters and the most important pieces of furniture are, of course, disposable still in various ways, on loan to picture galleries and to the V. and A., if not convertible into dollars. It is, as I say, the rank-and-file of family portraits and the bulk of the furniture that present the acute and instant problem. Without adequate heating, care and constant watching, they will quickly deteriorate, but there is under present economic conditions no alternative accommodation for them. They are far too large for modern wall space. In the finest collections of pictures, such as at Petworth, Chatsworth, Hatfield or Knole, the bulk are not collectors' pieces, even though of high merit. Their interest and value are purely a family matter, and yet no place to-day is appropriate for showing them save only the walls on which they have hung for centuries, walls now cold and growing damp and dusty. I have seen (and it has distressed me), stacked in outhouses and empty rooms of smaller houses, dozens on dozens of these immense and unimportant family canvases, taken down from the walls of the great houses which have become institutions or are up for sale, stacked face to the wall and waiting . . . for what?

Alas, waiting for nothing practicable. There is no wall space which ever again can receive them fitly or show them aptly. They belong to the old house, they are meaningless elsewhere, and it were better that they should be sold with the shell as fixtures, as the mouldings and ceiling decorations are sold, whenever heating and airing can be assured to the old building. It is piety, but piety misplaced, to cling to our ancestors so loyally. It is better that "the wife of the third earl" and "the children of the sixth" should look down on the new tenants from the old walls, a collection from the past, complete and unedited, growing perhaps impersonal, losing the warm appeal which they had for the men and women of their own blood, but at least appropriate still in their setting, assured still of the means of survival. Better so than to leave them to a swifter death in the outhouses of new villas or face to the wall in an attic, to satisfy a bootless piety.

THE MANSION THAT WAS ONLY A SHELL WILL SOON BE NO MORE: Murthley Castle, Perthshire, where demolition work is now in progress. The stonework, amounting to 200,000 tons, will be used in building the new hydro-electric dam at Pitlochry, six miles away. The house, which was never completed, was begun in 1826 by Sir John Stuart, Laird of Murthley, and it was an outcome of his rivalry with the Marquess of Breadalbane, who also started to build in grandiose fashion. Sir John called his residence Murthley New Castle and engaged the most expensive architect in the country. When Sir John died during the progress of the work, Murthley was left just as it was, a magnificent empty shell. During the Second World War it was used as an ammunition dump

WHERE THE AGE OF PRIVILEGE LINGERED ON: No. 4, St. James's Square, town house of Lord Astor, has been sold to the Ministry of Works with a view to its becoming the headquarters of the Fine Arts Commission. The site was owned originally by Nicholas Barebone the builder (son of Praise-God-Barebone), who built the first house in 1676 for the Earl of Kent. In the first years of the eighteenth century No. 4 was the home of the first Duke of Kent. In 1725 a fire occurred there, and the whole place was remodelled by Lord Burlington, the amateur architect. One of the celebrated residents was Marchioness de Grey, who held Court there until her death in 1797

What Havoc. . . .—Thinking on these things, I passed out again through the great gates into the hideous environment created by the wars, revolutions and scientific inventions of the past half-century. The countryside that contained this great house was never as attractive as West Sussex, Wiltshire or Devonshire, but even when I first knew it, it was pleasant enough and reminiscent of that over which John Gilpin rode his race as depicted by Caldicott. I don't need to be reminded that those graceful eighteenth- and nineteenth-century farmhouses and cottages concealed a great deal of squalor, and that life was hard and social justice unequal in John Gilpin's day. I don't need to be reminded that human civilisation marches on and the inventions of science are potentially as much a glory and a blessing for humanity as a curse. Yet when I contemplated the havoc and ruin which these inventions and the desperate needs of our lifetime have spread over this once fair and pleasant countryside, I could not resist a petulant and futile curse on the prime causes of so much destruction of peace, beauty and happiness. If the chief aim of civilisation and statesmanship is to assure happiness to the citizen, we might well begin our commination with the Industrial Revolution, which started the drift to the towns and killed the country crafts. A more hideous curse could fairly fall on the internal combustion engine, which brought on this island also that fatal day when Blériot flew the Channel and laid us open to our enemies. And I posed to myself the futile question: At what point in our triumphal progress of scientific invention would it have been wise, if it had been possible, to halt the march and ordain *thus far, and no farther*—to require that thenceforth all scientists must confine their skill and invention to improvements in medical science, hygiene and domestic labour-saving devices? The phantasy is not totally absurd. If the statesmen of to-day would thankfully co-operate, if they could, to outlaw the atomic weapon, wise leaders of the world in co-operation half a century ago might have foreseen the ruin which the internal combustion engine would cause.

Look upon this picture, and on that drawn by Caldicott, and estimate (as you can) the full implication of the ruin which that invention has brought on human happiness in the multiplication of the problems of human existence in communities.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

ROBERT SHERWOOD'S TRIBUTE to HARRY HOPKINS

An Intimate Picture of Great Events as seen by the Confidante of President Roosevelt

INCONTESTABLY the most important book of the week, and possibly of the month, is Mr. Robert Sherwood's THE WHITE HOUSE PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 25s.). This first volume (another is promised for next spring) takes the reader from September 1939 to January 1942, and its great value is the intimate picture it gives of the relationships of the great men of the period.

Harry Hopkins has been compared as a political figure with Colonel House of the Woodrow Wilson era, but his position was quite different and his interests reached further. In the last years of his life he lived at the White House in a homely but historic bedroom, across the landing from the one that Churchill would be given on his visits. Hopkins was a frail man, who was in constant and serious ill-health during this time, and yet he undertook journeys to England and to Moscow at his own or the President's suggestion, and with no thought of his own intense physical discomfort.

He described himself as the President's messenger-boy, but his secret reports to Roosevelt show how greatly his capacity and his judgment exceeded that description. Roosevelt trusted him absolutely, feeling that Hopkins' entire devotion was to him, and that he had no time left for personal place-seeking. Naturally, there were those who argued that the place Hopkins already had was that of the second most important man in the United States, so there was nothing much for him to worry about.

Mr. Sherwood, who has given this long book a word-by-word readability that I have never seen excelled, has quoted extensively from the papers that give the book its title, from personal letters, and most humanly interesting of all, from his own experiences as a great friend of Harry Hopkins, and of the President's, whose speeches Mr. Sherwood helped to write.

LOGBOOK FOR GRACE (Robert Hale. 15s.) is the record of a voyage taken some thirty-five years ago in a whaling brig bound from New England to the rim of the Antarctic. Mr. Robert Cushman Murphy kept the log of this trip more or less day by day as it happened, except when the weather was too bad or when there were more urgent excitements on board. In spite of the long interval between its writing and its publication, or even because of this, the book has a very special flavour which is not necessarily nostalgic, since few of us would enjoy, even in retrospect, a nine-hour battle with a fighting whale, but which is exciting because of the freshness with which all the adventures were recorded.

FIFTEEN YEARS' HARD LABOUR (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) may not be the most promising title in the world, but it does introduce a new and very agreeable autobiography. Mr. Claud Mullins was one of the best-known of London magistrates and was responsible for many court reforms of a particularly humane nature. One is right to expect that the story of such a man will be modestly told, and will hold an account of some of his extraordinary legal experiences. Mr. Mullins writes with a wide sympathy for human difficulties and mischances, and with especial understanding of those young people clumsily called "juvenile delinquents." My only criticism of his book is that it is far too brief.

Mr. S. I. Hsiung's THE LIFE OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK (Peter Davies. 15s.) is a long and very detailed biography by one who is a devoted and even a reverent admirer of the Generalissimo. In the light of the present events in China and Manchuria, its publication could scarcely be more timely, or more opportune for those who want to increase their knowledge of the background and career of the extraordinary man who has led China for so many years.

BOOKSTALL CENTENARY: The Honourable David Smith, Governing Director of W. H. Smith and Son, receiving the Rt. Hon. Alfred Barnes, M.P., Minister of Transport, guest at the dinner given by the firm at the Savoy Hotel on November 1, to celebrate the centenary of their bookstalls. Smith's are even older than their bookstalls, and they were serving a part of the British public thirteen years before Trafalgar. It was in the period between 1830 and 1840, when England was in the throes of railway mania, that the bookstalls became firmly established

EVERY IDLE DREAM (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is the title of a book of essays by Mr. Bernard Darwin, and I would add that it was a promising title if that did not connote some possible and even probable disappointment. In this case, there is both promise and performance, and the essays have all the elegance and gentle humour of *The Times* fourth leaders that often come, anonymously, from his hand, and the articles on golf and other sports, which have a more acknowledged provenance.

Lord Beveridge has followed up his 1942 *Report on Social Insurance* with an admirable sequel, VOLUNTARY ACTION (Allen and Unwin. 16s.). Briefly, this may also be called a report, but it is supplementary in the most exact sense, since it is concerned with what people should do and have done independently of the State to help themselves and their fellows.

Voluntary activity has in the past produced such institutions in our country as the trade unions, the co-operative societies, voluntary hospitals and the friendly societies, to which latter Lord Beveridge devotes a remarkable chapter.

East Africa is a subject on which Mrs. Elspeth Huxley can write with considerable authority, and THE SORCERER'S APPRENTICE (Chatto and Windus. 18s.) is a fine example of her lucid style when dealing with that large and bewildering canvas.

Mrs. Huxley has illustrated her book with some magnificent photographs of people and places.

This week there is a new novel by Howard Spring, THERE IS NO ARMOUR (Collins. 12s. 6d.), a long and very full story which stretches over fifty years of family life in England. It is told in retrospect by the principal character, an R.A. Both the young painter and his sister marry, he to a nice girl and she to a rich but crooked financier. Both of them have their troubles and their love affairs, beginning in the 1914-18 war, and their children have their own adventures and problems which only end with the book's ending, in 1946.

There is a rich, plumcake-y texture to this novel and the characterisation is good, particularly in the older, last-war generation, all of whom seem to have more reality and depth than their children.

THE SILVER BOUGH (Faber. 9s. 6d.) is one of those Highland novels of Mr. Neil M. Gunn's. In this story, which, incidentally, I enjoyed more than most stories with a neolithic basis, a young archæologist sets about excavating a cairn on the highland coast, and makes such discoveries as not only change his life but affect the greater part of the nearby village.

Miss Norah Hoult's new novel, FAREWELL, HAPPY FIELDS (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.), is the most brilliant and the most depressing work that she has done so far. It is the story of a man who, on his discharge from a mental asylum, decides to spend the rest of his life in losing his immortal soul by a day-to-day denial of anything that he recognises in himself or in others as loving, unselfish or aspiring. The theme is an intimidating one, but Miss Hoult deals with it strongly.

Henry Cecil has written an entertaining though not entirely satisfying little novel, FULL CIRCLE (Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d.), about a noted professor of law who, on his way to give a series of lectures at Cambridge, is knocked on the head, and thereafter for a time suffers the slight disability of telling his audience a number of very good tales, more or less illustrative of points in law, instead of giving them a more classic talk. This is the kind of book which one feels would have been far better condensed to short-story length.

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WHEN JACK LONDON SHOWED HIS TEETH

IRVING STONE'S SAILOR ON HORSEBACK, that truly brilliant life of Jack London, now appears in a second, most welcome edition (The Bodley Head. 10s. 6d.). This is a biography that deserves to live, and surely will do so, because the author and his hero are so completely in tune. It is obvious that Irving Stone has known something of the same kind of life as Jack London did at the turn of the century, and whether he describes Jack's experiences as an oyster pirate, as helmsman on a whaler Siberia-bound, or as a struggling writer receiving more than a full share of rejection slips, it is all done with abounding sympathy and understanding, without any attempt to gloss over the unsavoury, with every effort to record faithfully, and, above all, with a sense of the true greatness of the new and vigorous writer who four decades ago thrilled the English-speaking world with his tales of life in the raw.

Jack London never believed too deeply in the popular acclaim to which he won his way, but even he was a trifle shocked, declares his biographer, when as a correspondent in the Russo-Japanese war he received a clamorous call to appear before the people in a Korean town, only to find that it was not the author of *White Fang* they wanted to see, but the strange visitor with the false teeth. To the accompaniment of tumultuous applause he spent half-an-hour displaying his dentures in the market-place, alternately removing and replacing the bridgework, which had aroused the wonder of the Eastern world.

The writings of Michael Angelo Titmarsh still continue to be widely admired, although it is doubtful if there has been a reprint in recent years of that amusingly acid skit on petty snobbery, Mrs. Perkin's Ball. Mr. Titmarsh, however, was nothing if not versatile, and that splendid example of delightful fooling THE ROSE AND THE RING (Guildford Press. 7s. 6d.), the history of Prince Giglio and Prince Bulbo, now makes a welcome reappearance. This new edition, with a title-page designed by Edward Ardizzone, follows in type and format the model of the original editions. Except on the dust-cover, there is no mention of Mr. Thackeray. Mr. Titmarsh remains very much an author in his own right.

The late James Agate was a brilliant film critic, but surely film criticism penned for the press has no lasting appeal, however erudite the comment? Surely there are few people who still want to read what Agate thought about *King Kong*, *Congress Dances* and *Dinner at Eight*? At any rate, if there are such people it is all brought together for them in AROUND CINEMAS (Home and Van Thal. 18s.), the distilled product of about twenty years of persistent picture-going.

There are no communities in the whole world more closely knit than the Welsh. There are few that are less understood, even though the life of rural Wales has been unchanging in many respects since the days of Giraldus Cambrensis. In WELSH COUNTRY UPBRINGING (Batsford. 12s. 6d.) D. Parry Jones has told the story of his youth, of the "close-knit community" as he knew it. That youth was evidently a thing of joy; to read about it is a pure delight; and it may be it will help some at least a part of the way towards understanding the mind and spirit of the Welsh people. Another fine book about country life, and like Mr. Parry Jones' work, rather in the Mitford tradition, is CARTS AND CANDLESTICKS, by Alison Uttley (Faber and Faber. 8s. 6d.). It is a homely little book touching upon the small things which give such diversity to the farming day. C. F. Tunnicliffe provides the drawings.

In both art and literature the Austrian writer and painter Oskar Kokoschka is a leader of the expressionist school. His broadly human message as a painter is well conveyed in the volume OSKAR KOKOSCHKA (Max Parrish. 15s.), which has just made its appearance. There are eight plates in colour and forty-eight in photogravure, and the whole volume is excellently presented. The artist has drawn two lithographs specially for inclusion in this book, which is being issued in America by the Institute of Contemporary Art, and is expected to achieve a wide sale.

From its source in Egypt to its destruction by the Danes 500 years later, Diana Leatham, in THEY BUILT ON ROCK (Celtic Art Society. 15s.), traces the history of the Celtic Church and recounts the lives of those Celtic saints who strove so mightily in the midst of barbarism. How the unconquerable Vikings, unhampered in their lust for robbery, were converted to Christianity and into creative human beings, remains one of the great wonders of history.

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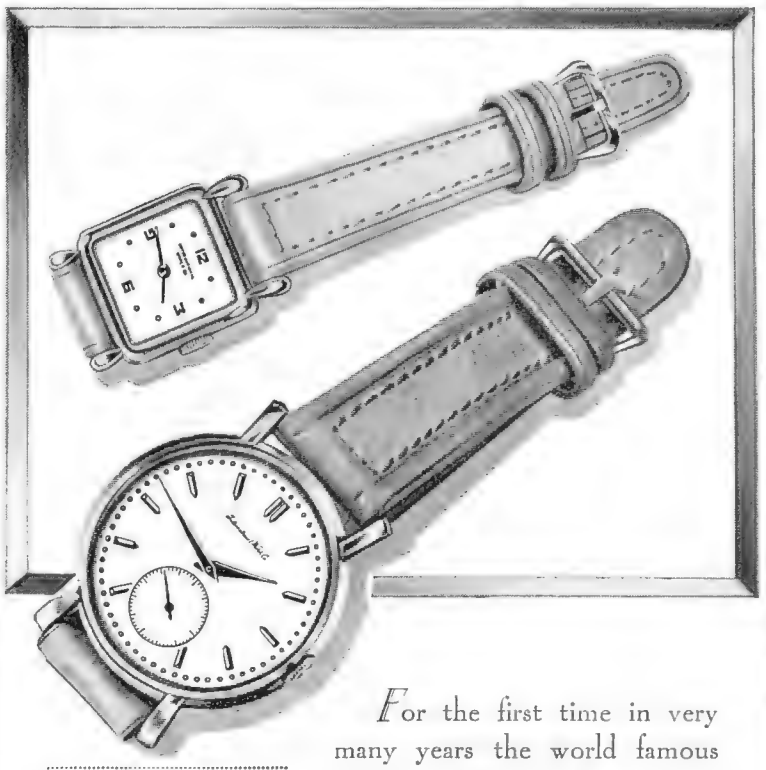

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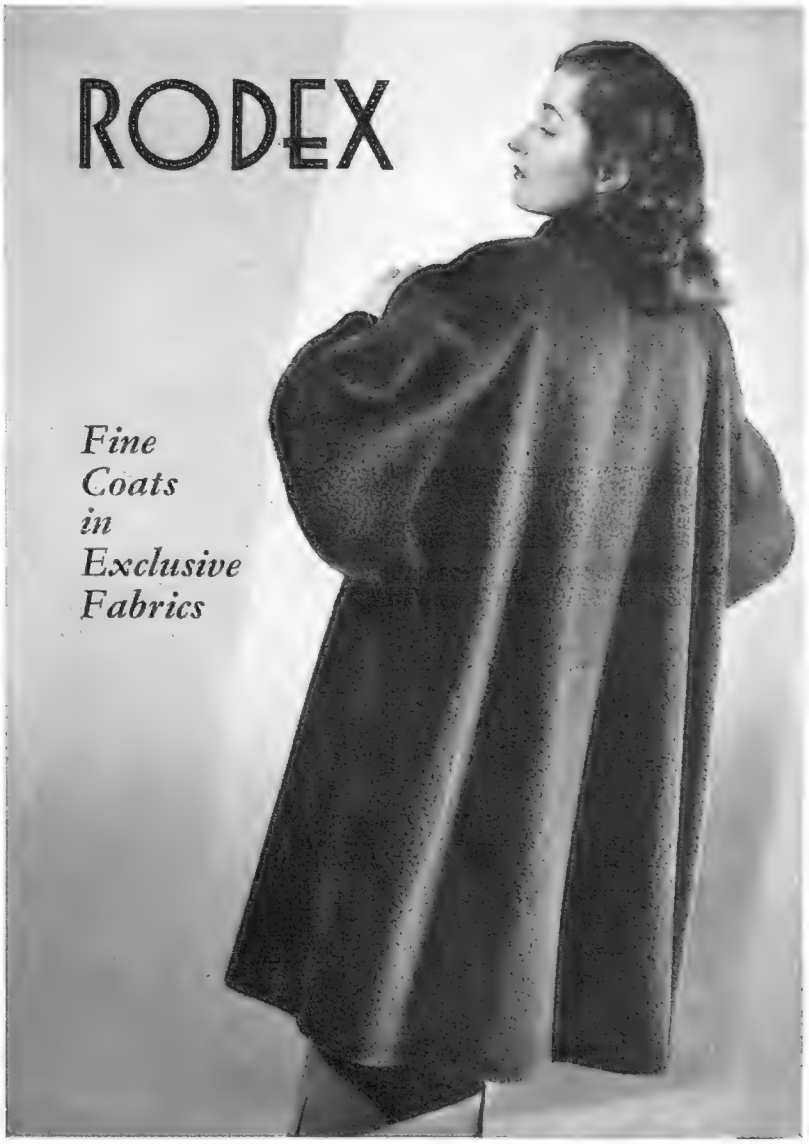

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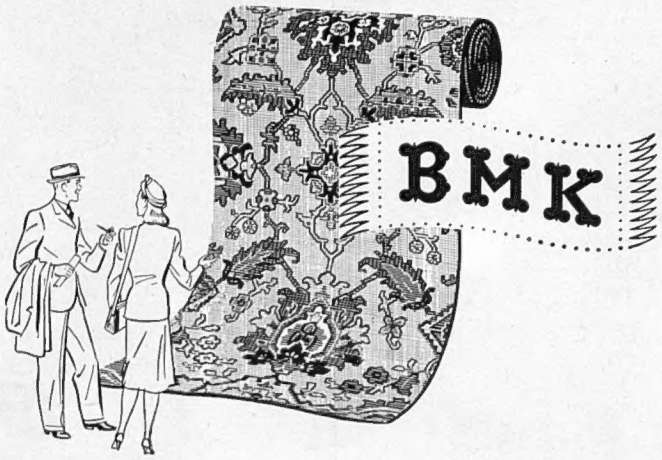

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